★ Aug. 24, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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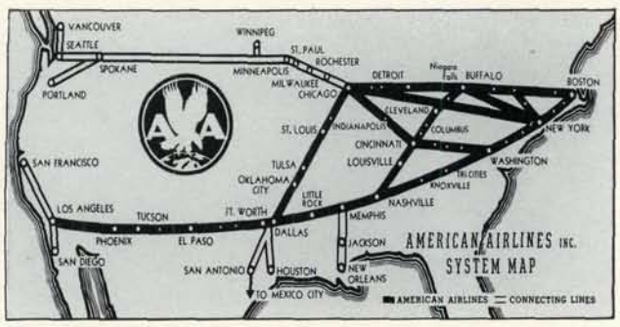

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—If you get around much with literary people, you will find this comedy in which Monty Woolley is supposed to be Alexander Woollcott very, very funny. You will probably find it fairly funny anyway. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—They're slowly but almost surely getting ready to close this, at last. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Cole Porter music. Betty Allen will take the place of Ethel Merman on Mon., Aug. 26, but Bert Lahr will stay on, as funny as he ever was. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse. Stay away if your nerves are weak or your sense of humor is dainty. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—This comedy deals with an attempt to turn a chambermaid into a Brenda Frazier, but you'd better forget about the plot and just listen to the Rodgers-Hart score and look at the girls. Jack Haley and Shirley Ross head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 24.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Thornton Wilder and Gloria Stuart in "Our Town": through Sat., Aug. 24. Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Kirby Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blauvelt—"End of Summer": through Sun., Aug. 25. "The Post Road": Wed. through Sun., Aug. 28-Sept. 1. (Greenbush Theatre, Blauvelt, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Cambridge—Ann Corio in "The Barker": through Sat., Aug. 24. Ezra Stone and Jessie Royce Landis in "Your Loving Son," a new play by Abby Merchant: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon in "Stage Door": through Sat., Aug. 24. Julie Haydon in "Sweeney in the Trees," a new play by William Saroyan: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 27-31. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, Milton Berle, John La Touche, and others: through Sat., Aug. 24. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—"Her Master's Voice": through Sat., Aug. 24. Frances Farmer in "Little Women": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Ramon Novarro and Doris Dalton in "The Command to Love": through Sat., Aug. 24. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Cragsmoor—Lila Lee in "Biography": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Cragsmoor Players, Cragsmoor, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Dennis—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., Aug. 24. Eva Le Gallienne in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 31. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Eagles Mere—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., Aug. 24. Taylor Holmes in "Secret Weapons," a new play by Bayard Veiller: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 28-31. (Eagles Mere Playhouse, Eagles Mere, Pa. 9:30.)

Fitchburg—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Aug. 24. "The Drunkard": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Gloucester—Lenore Ulric in "Twentieth Century": through Sat., Aug. 24. Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Great Neck—Peggy Converse and Dennis Hoey in "The Guardsman": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Guilford—Tonio Selwart in "Autumn Crocus": through Sat., Aug. 24. Adrienne Ames in "Goodbye Again": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion": through Sat., Aug. 24. Florence Reed in "The Shanghai Gesture": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—John Beal and Arlene Francis in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 24. "Skylark": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Maplewood—Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": through Sat., Aug. 24. Elliott Nugent and most of the original cast in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., Aug. 24. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—"No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30.)

Matunuck—Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

New Hope—Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": through Sat., Aug. 24. Louis Calhern and Haila Stoddard in "The Firebrand": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—Jane Cowl in "Madame X": through Sat., Aug. 24. Violet Heming in "The Marquise": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 27-31. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—"The Hottentot": through Sat., Aug. 24. Vilma and Buddy Ebsen in "Elmer the Great": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Teddy Hart and Pert Kelton in "See My Lawyer": through Sat., Aug. 24. Anna May Wong in "On the Spot": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 27-31. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Princeton—"Kiss the Boys Goodbye": through Sat., Aug. 24. Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new play by Christopher Morley: through Sat., Aug. 24. "The Hero of the World," a new play by William Saroyan: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—Frances Farmer in "Little Women": through Sat., Aug. 24. McKay Morris in "Fledgling," a new play by Eleanor Chilton and Philip Lewis: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 27-31. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat., Aug. 24.)

Schenectady—Walter Hampden in "Richelieu": through Sat., Aug. 24. Jean Muir in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 27-31. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Harry Carey in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., Aug. 24. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.; extra Mat. Wed., Aug. 28.)

Southampton—"Late in the Day," a new play by John S. Rodell: through Sat., Aug. 24. (Parrish Memorial Theatre, Southampton, L.I. 8:45.)

Spring Lake—Lucile Watson in "Many Happy Returns," a new play by S. K. Lauren: through Sat., Aug. 24. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

Stockbridge—"Love Rides the Rails, or Will the Mail Train Run Tonight?": through Sat., Aug. 24. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Stony Creek—"They That Love Best," a new play by Jack L. Levin: through Sat., Aug. 24. Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Westboro—Libby Holman and Ralph Holmes in "Here Today": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30.)

Westport—Ann Andrews and Greta Maren in "Serena Blandish": through Sat., Aug. 24. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45.)

White Plains—Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": through Sat., Aug. 24. Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 26-31. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Woodstock—"The Late Christopher Bean": through Sun., Aug. 25. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of a number of places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Some of those in the city may

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 28, August 24, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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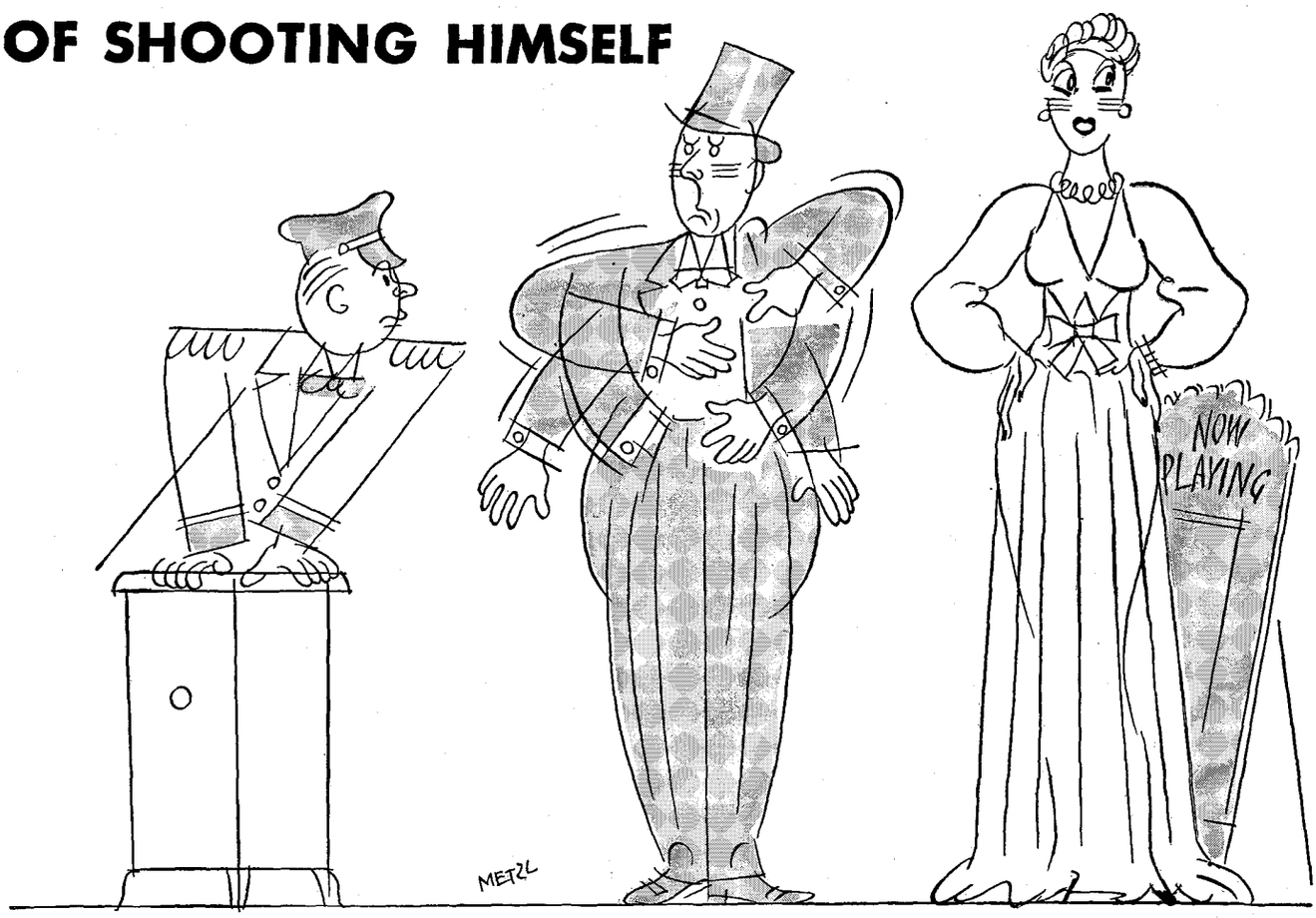
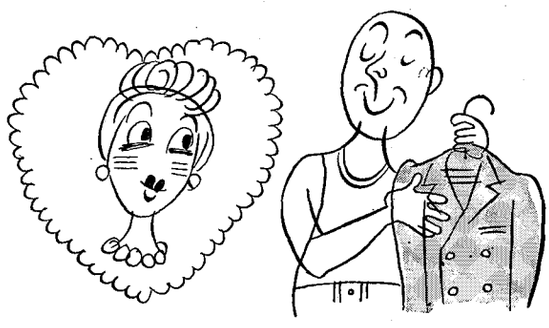
HECTOR G. HORNPUSS IS THINKING OF SHOOTING HIMSELF



This is humiliating. Very humiliating indeed.

It's Hector's first big date with the streamlined Cynthia. No seats in the house could be too good for such a gal. But now he can't find the tickets.

Too bad, Hector. No use looking through your pockets again. You absent-mindedly left the coveted pasteboards back home.



You were thinking so hard about Cynthia when you changed, that you forgot and left them in your other suit.

That's the way it is with absent-mindedness. Think hard about one thing and nothing else registers. Theater tickets. Or advertising.

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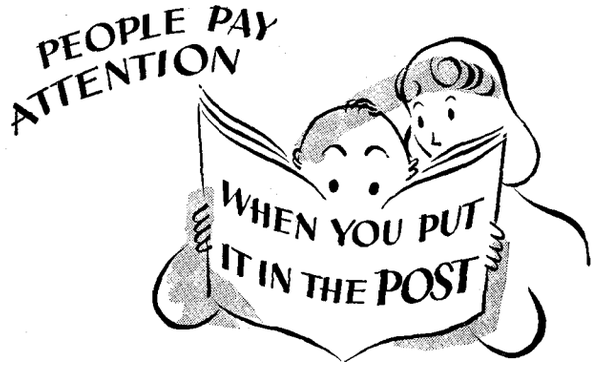

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

close for one or more nights over these summer weekends.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing for dinner dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Alvino Rey and his orchestra provide the music and other entertainment on the Roof.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting place to try if you want to have a casual good time. Nicki Raymond's orchestra and the Tisdale Trio are on hand to help you.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Joan Edwards sings at the supper hour in the Café, and there's dancing to music by Bob Knight's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Ben Cutler's orchestra and a new show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez will replace Ray Heatherton's orchestra and the present show on Wed., Aug. 28.... Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael are still in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has a small show, with those two young pianists, Virginia Morley and Livingstone Gearhart. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Must dress if you want to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster is in the Café Lounge at the supper hour. Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who now plays for all kinds of dancing. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's at the supper hour, and Larry Adler is around with his harmonica.

Miscellaneous—At **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the former head lady at Tony's at last has a place of her own in which to sing those songs.... **Armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing.... **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor.... **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra (to be replaced on Fri., Aug. 30, by Ina Ray Hutton's).... **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show.... **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **pennsylvania roof,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra.... **st. moritz,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **bossert marine roof,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **bill's gay nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.... **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show.... **beachcomber,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon.... **hurricane,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra.... **la conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a rumba band and a Latin show.... **18 club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Al-Fresco Dining—With dancing: **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **tavern-on-the-green,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954).... Without dancing: **chatham walk,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **pavillon marguery,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the **japanese garden** of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **promenade café,** in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

Mostly for Music—At the **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for

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admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp.... **café society,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. *Closed Mon.*... **nick's,** *7 Ave. at 10* (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell are some of the boys in the cooperative band here.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **queen mary,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Latin: **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's **arrowhead inn,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band.... Ben Marden's **riviera,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis.... **westchester bath club,** 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band.... **glen island casino,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra.... **boardwalk café,** Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon.... **chanticler,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra.... **meadowbrook,** on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Joe Venuti's orchestra. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **canoe place inn,** Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra.... **new prospect hotel,** Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra.... **seven ponds inn,** Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a quartet plays for dancing, nightly except Tues.... **guido's sapphire room,** Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra.... The Spanish Grill of the **monmouth hotel,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra.... **perona farm,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **ross fenton farm,** Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra, a rumba band, and, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 23-25, songs by Hildegarde.... **sea bright yacht club,** on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra.... **arrowhead inn,** Saratoga Springs: Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show.... **piping rock,** Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—**bethpage,** L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... **brookhaven,** L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394).... **hampton bays,** L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... **lake success,** L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... **oakdale,** L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... **smithtown,** L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... **south huntington,** L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371).... **syosset,** L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749).... **westhampton,** L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... **amawalk,** N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984).... **cold spring,** N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975).... **dover plains,** N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781).... **hawthorne,** N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120).... **mt. kisco,** N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324).... **new city,** N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981).... **poundridge,** N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616).... **sloatsburg,** N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245).... **bridgewater,** **conn.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... **danbury,** **conn.**: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548).... **norwalk,** **conn.**: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88).... **redding ridge,** **conn.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... **ridgefield,** **conn.**: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.... **southport,** **conn.**: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900).... **westport,** **conn.**: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971).... **alpine,** **N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788).... **bernardsville,** **N.J.**: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70).... **doylestown,** **pa.**: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Americans in Hollywood—An exhibition of pictures painted by nine native artists, including Benton, Biddle, and Wood, in connection with the filming of the O'Neill play "The Long Voyage Home": Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 10.

Catlin—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French—At the **perls,** 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **harriman,** 63 E. 57: Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Groups—At the **milch,** 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **macbeth,** 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **walker,** 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz in *a showing of present-day Americans. Daily* 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 23.... **contemporary arts,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Csoka, Corbino, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: Guy and Yvonne Pène du Bois, Bouché, and Schnakenberg, among other modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 13.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Soviet Graphic Art—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Here and There—At the **mayer,** 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28.... **f.a.r.,** 19 E. 61: original aquatints by Goya. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 23.... **artists',** 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Daily 2 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

MUSIC

Opera—The New York La Scala Opera Association, under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi, presenting "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Aug. 24; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., Aug. 25; and "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Aug. 31: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700). At 8:20 P.M.

Out of Town—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4.... South Mountain String Quartet: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Aft., Aug. 25, at 4.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Aug. 22-23, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 24, at 3. Yankees vs. Chicago,

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Sun. Aft., Aug. 25, at 3; Mon. and Tues. Afts., Aug. 26-27, at 3:15. Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Aug. 28-29, at 3:15. Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., Aug. 30, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 2:30.

DOG SHOWS—Profile Kennel Club, Hampton Beach, N.H., Fri., Aug. 23, at 9 A.M. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Hamilton, Mass., Sat., Aug. 24, at 9 A.M. . . . Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Sat., Aug. 31, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—Metropolitan Junior Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 22-23. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 23-25. . . . Red Cross benefit match, National Golf Links of America, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 24. . . . National P.G.A. Championship, Hershey C.C., Hershey, Pa., Mon. through Sun., Aug. 26-Sept. 1. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Amateur, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, N.J., Tues., Aug. 27. . . . L.I. Father, Son, and Junior Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 28-31. . . . Invitation Tournament, Arcola C.C., Arcola, N.J., Fri. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Mt. Pocono, Pa., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 22-23, at 10 A.M., and Sat., Aug. 24, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Cohasset, Mass., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 23-24, at 10 A.M., and Sun., Aug. 25, at 2 P.M. . . . Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 28-29, at 9 A.M. . . . Smithtown, L.I., Sat., Aug. 31, at 9 A.M. . . . Spring Lake, Sea Girt, N.J., Sat., Aug. 31, at 9:30 A.M.

POLO—High-goal play: Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. The Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Aug. 24; the Whitney, Aug. 27; the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 31. (Regular trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.)

SPEEDBOATS—National Sweepstakes Regatta, Red Bank, N.J., Sat., Aug. 24, at 12 noon, and Sun., Aug. 25, at 12:20 P.M.

TENNIS—National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., daily through Sat., Aug. 24. . . . National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, starting Fri., Aug. 30.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., starting Mon., Aug. 26. Weekdays at 8 P.M.

YACHTING—Bar Harbor Y.C. Regatta, Bar Harbor, Me., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 23-24. . . . Second Overnight Race, Huntington Y.C., Huntington, L.I., Aug. 24. . . . Sears Cup finals, Eastern Point Y.C., East Gloucester, Mass., Mon. through Thurs., Aug. 26-29. . . . National Championship, Lightning Class, Riverside Y.C., Riverside, Conn., Wed. through Fri., Aug. 28-30. . . . Vineyard Race, Stamford Y.C., Stamford, Conn., Fri., Aug. 30. . . . Stratford Shoals Overnight Race, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Oyster Bay, N.Y., Sat., Aug. 31.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: N.Y.A.C., Sat., Aug. 24; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sat., Aug. 31.

OTHER EVENTS

ARMY MANEUVERS—Nearly 100,000 officers and men of the Regular Army, National Guard, and Organized Reserves from all parts of the Northeast will be drilling at Plattsburg, N.Y., through Sat., Aug. 31.

DA VINCI EXHIBITION—Two hundred or more models of the Italian master's inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ON THE AIR

TENNIS—At Chestnut Hill, Mass., National Doubles: Sat. Aft., Aug. 24, at 2, WABC.

RACING—At Saratoga Springs: the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat. Aft., Aug. 24, at 5:15, WJZ; the Saratoga Cup, Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 5:30, WOR.

LONDON BROADCAST—J. B. Priestley, Vincent Sheean, and others are scheduled to describe the British capital after dark: Sat. Eve., Aug. 24, at 6:30, WABC.

PAUL ROBESON—In "All God's Children," a new radio revue by Earl Robinson: Mon. Eve., Aug. 26, at 9, WABC.

HENRY A. WALLACE—Ceremonies at Des Moines, Iowa, in which the Democratic candidate for Vice-President will formally learn of and accept the nomination: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 29, from 10:15, WJZ, WABC; from 10:30, WEAF, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—The new "staticless-radio" programs are being broadcast by the following stations: W2XOR, daily from 9 A.M. to midnight; W2XWG, Mon. through Fri., from 3 to 11 P.M.; W2XMN, weekdays from 4 to 11 P.M., and Sun., from 3 to 6 P.M.; and W2XQR, daily from 5 to 10 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BAKER'S WIFE—French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

DISNEY FESTIVAL—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and four shorts. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

EDISON, THE MAN—A respectable biographical item for the nice younger element. With Spencer Tracy. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Fri., Aug. 23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Aug. 24. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 28-29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 29-30.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—This can give you the creeps and the giggles in the same breath. Another mystery, with Bob Hope, along the lines of "The Cat and the Canary." (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 23-25. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 23-26.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—It has its moments. With Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE GREAT McGINTY—A sharp little comedy, with an O. Henry flavor, of the rise and fall of a political grafter. With Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Aug. 27.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—Quite a few grown-up laughs in this smartly written and well-directed comedy. With William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—A glum, uncompromising, well-played story about an American girl whose German husband comes under the spell of Hitler. With Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 27-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 28-29.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Margaret Sullavan, Frank Morgan, and James Stewart in a detailed, impressive movie of Germany in the earlier Hitler days. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 24. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 23-26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 24-26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., Aug. 31.)

OUR TOWN—New Hampshire life according to Thornton Wilder. A successful adaptation of his play, with Frank Craven again as the interpreter. Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and other experts are also involved. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 28.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier in a handsome, literate production of Jane Austen's most famous novel. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 28.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as Victoria and her consort. A Technicolor pageant, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years," and very handsome. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 27-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 28-29.)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—Even if you're not a horse-opera fan, you'll like this one. Henry Fonda plays Frank James, and there's a funny courtroom sequence. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 22.)

THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Salvarsan and its famous discoverer, with Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Gordon, and Maria Ouspenskaya. One of Warner Brothers' soundest and most sensible biographical films. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 24-27.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Joan Crawford and Fredric March in Rachel Crothers' lively satire on the upper-crust lady who gets religion. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 27-29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., Aug. 31.)

WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford in a story about the bad boys of Kansas. Plenty of action. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 26. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 28.)

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 28-30.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27-28.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 23-29.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 28-29.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 22.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30-31.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27-28.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 22. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 23.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—A Robert Flaherty film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 22.)

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (1935)—With W. C. Fields. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 28-30.)

ON BORROWED TIME (1939)—Lionel Barrymore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 23.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—With Charles Laughton. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 25-26.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 29-31.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—René Clair film. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 25-27.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27-28.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27-28.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 25-27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 27-29.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 27-28.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Thurs., Aug. 22. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Fri., Aug. 23. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Sat., Aug. 24. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Sun., Aug. 25. Five Mack Sennett comedies, 1910-1916, Mon., Aug. 26. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Tues., Aug. 27. Five 1914 Chaplin comedies, Wed., Aug. 28. Four 1915 Chaplin comedies, Thurs., Aug. 29. Four 1916 Chaplin comedies, Fri., Aug. 30. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Sat., Aug. 31.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . INDEPENDENT SUBWAY: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Seasonal flowers and, for Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 22-23, a big display of gladioli. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—A show of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in. Then, too, there's the Voder, the machine that talks like a man.

Trylon and Perisphere—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers hereabouts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **American Art Today** (A): prints by twenty-six Mexican artists, including Rivera and Orozco; ninety works by members of the Sculptors' Guild; and a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows without a care on their minds. . . . **Chrysler** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. . . . **du Pont** (D): studious young

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28.

men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): just that. . . . **Firestone** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals well displayed in a jungle setting. . . . **General Electric** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): the original models of what the bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively projected on several screens all at the same time. . . . **Petroleum** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick, endlessly drilling here, will surely find it. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): what's been going on in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this summer to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show called the Microblitzkrieg. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

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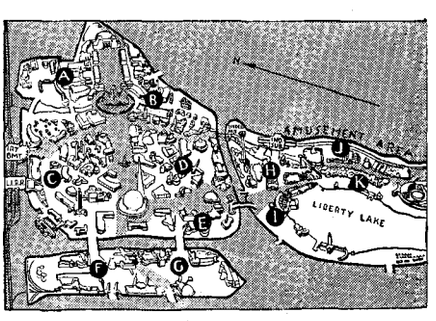
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and, for the time being at least, France and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with



statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose has made some changes in his song-and-water hit of last year, but the general pattern remains the same and it's still one of the Fair's best shows. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's sprawling and highly popular arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Gypsy Rose Lee stripping, frankly and amusingly, in the Fair's big Music Hall. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Mon.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): Kay Parsons and other musical folk leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants to ride on. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; numerous performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering an outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner; Elsie Houston sings for a while during the evening. . . . **French Building** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): simple, satisfying fare outdoors in the shade; an admission fee helps cut down the crowd. . . . **Heineken's** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*. . . . **Pabst** (K): a lakeside, tree-shaded setting gives this modest beer garden a lift. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in these surroundings even if you never liked it before. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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MARIAN STEPHENSON

Forecast: All indications point to Sand-Stone Colors from Hockanum and this smart dress as your best choice! Long, slim silhouette with a deep flounce for grace! The material is Hockanum's new Two-Tone Rabbit's-Hair-and-Wool... in Sand-Stone shades of blue, rose, brown, and green. Priced at about $35 in good shops everywhere. For the name of the nearest one, write to J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y.

HOCKANUM *Woolens*

Hockanum Mills, Rockville, Connecticut . . . . . Founded 1809

Division of M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, North Andover, Mass. • J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Selling Agents, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

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jumpers go to college, notes the Altman college shop. Current favorite, this jacket model, in co-educational grey flannel like your young man's favorite suit. Recommended . . . for its versatile acceptance of different blouses and sweaters . . . for its complete suit-look when you add the cardigan. Jumper frock, 10 to 20, 12.95; jacket, 10.95. Yellow rayon and wool shirt, 6.95. English socks, 2.50. third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

READING some publicity junk about the closing of "Tobacco Road," we kept trying to remember something about that dim and inconceivable yesterday, December 4, 1933, when it opened. During the preceding summer and fall, we recalled, Congress had passed the National Industrial Recovery Act, and it was generally believed that the dollar would soon be worth a hundred cents (if not more) again and forever; diplomatic relations had been established between the United States and the Soviet Union, and most of our enlightened friends saw in this the real hope of the world; at Rome, on June 7th, a ten-year peace pact had been signed by Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain, and there were few who doubted that the last great war had been fought. Altogether, it was a time of handsome and hopeful dreams. On the night that Ellie May ate her first turnip in public, we were sitting around in a place called Tony's, waiting for the

State of Utah to repeal the prohibition amendment and make the miracle complete. The people who came in around midnight, having been to the opening at the Masque, were as gay as birds. "It stinks," they called happily from table to table, using a pretty idiom of the period. "Darling, does it ever stink!" It was felt by almost all of them that the failure of the new play (nobody gave "Tobacco Road" much more than a week) served Erskine Caldwell and Jack Kirkland right for offering their ghastly farrago of misery and despair just when everybody in the world, except possibly a few Jews in Germany, could see that the millennium was at hand. In the seven years since then, "Tobacco Road" and civilization have been going right along, but while the Lester family look just about the same as they did in the beginning, the human race looks terrible. Going back to Mr. Kirkland's little opera again the other evening, with the night's newspaper stories of bombers over England still fresh in our head, we found that, in its peculiar way, life on the old farm had taken on a kind of charm for us, something innocent and homely, rather restful. It occurred to us then that perhaps "Tobacco Road" ought to be kept running indefinitely, as an accurate gauge of the state of the world. The day when even one old lady in the audience begins to regard life in Georgia as any more brutal or insecure than life anywhere else, we can be pretty sure that things are looking up.

FUNNY how easily a man picks up and drops one positive and clear-cut notion after another about people and places he knows nothing about at all. Up to the other day our picture of President Vargas of Brazil was that of a political strong man, something like Primo de Rivera. We thought of the Matto Grosso as inaccessible and steamy. Then we ran across a newspaper account of the President's visit to the Matto Grosso Indians. It told how he gave them adzes and machetes, smoked a cigar with the chief, went sightseeing, and watched a program of ceremonial dances. Now our picture of the Matto Grosso is a picture of the outskirts of Sioux Falls, and every time we try to visualize Vargas all we get is a rotogravure view of Calvin Coolidge in a feather bonnet.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, a poet and thinker of our time, went to court last week to complain about some pigs who lived in a pigsty near him up around Nyack. "It has become oppressive," said Mr. Anderson sourly, threatening to close up his house and move somewhere else unless the pigs were restrained legally. We don't know what to make of all this. In the first place, if we remember, Mr. Anderson left New York a few years ago because he said he disliked Times Square and admired nature. It is our contention on this point that if a man, and especially a poet, wants to get back to nature, he ought to get all the way back; he has no business picking and choosing—accepting birds

and flowers, rejecting pigs. In the second place, a poet can operate practically anywhere, whereas a pig is physically and legally limited to open country, and we're not sure that Mr. Anderson has any moral right to dispossess a pig in order to write poetry, or even that it's a very sound practice economically, a pig these days probably being just about as useful as a poem. In the third place, we can't help feeling that the creative artist in America has softened up a lot since the great New England days. We can imagine Thoreau writing an essay about a pig or Emerson beating one over the skull if it happened to annoy him; we can't imagine even old Bronson Alcott getting the law on one.

PARAMOUNT, we learn, has been shooting alternate passages here and there in a movie to be called "Arise, My Love." These substitutes will be used at points in the film which criticize Hitler and they will appear in all versions exported to countries where such criticism is no longer fashionable or discreet. We have felt right along that Hollywood could get around the difficulties of the foreign market because up to now it has always been able to get around everything, a movie being essentially

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something that gets around something else. We have a feeling, though, that this substitute-passage idea is just a temporary makeshift. Ahead is the moving picture's natural goal—the true universal art form. The final epic from the West will be a film which succeeds in being all things to all men and not much of anything to anybody in particular.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There is a sign in front of the Cornwall Military Academy, on Route 9-W, which says, "Watch out—Cadet crossing."

Educator Toasterettes, the well-known crackers, which are described on the package label as "That Little Square Educator," measure approximately one and one-half by two inches.

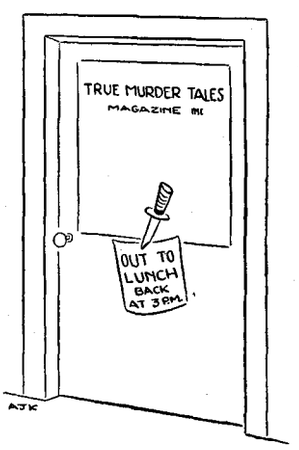
The lobby directory in the office building at 9 East Forty-first Street lists Father's Day. It's on the tenth floor.

A filling station in Hampton Bays advertises "Ye Olde Modern Rest Rooms."

The article on God in the Soviet Encyclopedia (Bolshaya Sovetskaya Entziklopediya) was contributed by I. Loophole.

Couturière

ELSA SCHIAPARELLI, the Paris dressmaker, who came here three weeks ago, is staying at the St. Regis, and will embark on an extended lecture tour the latter part of next month —after which, in late November, she plans to return to Paris. Her *maison de couture*, which formerly employed some four hundred workers, is now being run by a skeleton crew, and the fact that most of her people are out of work is a source of great distress to her. She has offered her house in Paris, which adjoins the Belgian Embassy, to the Quakers for the benefit of homeless persons, reserving only one room in it for herself. We learned these facts, and a few others, in a talk with her at the Rockefeller Center offices of Schiaparelli Parfum, Inc., of which she is president. She received us wearing a bright-blue, bandanna-like hat, a blue-and-black dress, and a cluster of bracelets on her right wrist, and said that she had been spending weekends with friends in Westport, Newport, and Southampton, getting in a good deal of swimming. "However, I am not a *sportif* type," she said. "I leave that to my daughter." Schiaparelli's daughter, a beautiful, blue-eyed girl of twenty, works for her mother's perfume company. Her name is Marisa, but she is generally known as Gogo, the first syllables she was able, or at any rate willing, to pronounce as a child.



Schiaparelli, who speaks perfect English with perfect gestures, moved her headquarters to Biarritz shortly before the Germans took Paris, intending to show her August collection there. The German victory made this impracticable, and last month she accepted a cabled offer to come here for a lecture tour. She will start September 23rd and will be gone two months, addressing women's clubs and department-store groups. "I have a basic lecture about women and clothes and life and the present moment," she told us. She is currently designing her own wardrobe of twelve costumes for the tour. These will be reproduced by Manhattan manufacturers and sold throughout the country. Each dress and accessory will have an eleemosynary label inscribed "Authorized Reproduction Schiaparelli 1940." These labels will be sold to the manufacturers at around a dollar apiece and the money thus raised will go to a fund, administered by the Quakers, for Paris midinettes who are now unemployed.

Mme. Schiaparelli found Newport untouched by the war. While there, she received a telegram from New York to the effect that a friend staying at the Ritz here was about to go to Paris and did she have any messages for friends in France? Mme. S., who is inclined to be vague, told her Newport hostess she must call the Paris Ritz at once. Her hostess went to the phone and had already asked for the Ritz in Paris, without any success whatsoever, when Schiaparelli corrected herself, saying she meant the Ritz here. This example of American hospitality impressed her considerably.

Mme. Schiaparelli will be accompanied on her lecture tour by Mrs. Hortense MacDonald, her executive assistant, with whom we had a few words. According to Mrs. MacDonald, Schiaparelli is a rather timid lecturer but awfully good when she feels at home. She feels at home when she considers her audience interested in what she's talking about. She felt at home on a tour she made to Russia a few years ago, since the Soviet ladies showed a passionate interest in clothes, handbags, and all. Mrs. MacDonald went along on this trip, and she told us that when they crossed the Russian frontier and saw their first Red guard, a picturesque fellow in a great-coat, Schiaparelli whipped out a pad and sketched his coat and hat, later incorporating some aspects of these in one of her Paris creations. "Her mind is like a sponge," said Mrs. MacD. "On weekends she may pick up two differently colored flowers, and show them to a silk manufacturer Monday morning." Mrs. MacDonald expressed a long-range confidence in French couture, which, she remarked, had weathered the revolutions of 1789, 1815, and 1848, and was as important to France as our automobile industry is to us. "Couturiers are artists and their spirit doesn't die, or surrender," she said.

Registered

CONSIDERING all the fuss that was made over the friendship of Torkild (Texaco) Rieber with Dr. Gerhardt (Gimpy) Westrick, we thought you might like to know about one of the tankers operated by the Texas Company. It's a well-found vessel, built at Bath, Maine, 416.8 feet in length, with a gross tonnage of 6,452 and 2,500 horsepower. We are referring, in case you haven't recognized it, to the S.S. Aryan.

Good Humor Afloat

THE Good Humor men, the most efficient mechanized land force in the country, also operate a coastal patrol during the summer weekends, plying the waters off southern Long Island and offering refreshment to fishermen and cabin-cruiser yachtsmen. Our Mr. Stanley, who was instructed to look into the matter, found that two water routes were in operation this year, one originating at Atlantic Beach, the other at Freeport. By pulling a few wires at the Explorers Club, he got permission to make a trip with Eddie Greene, Good Humor's Freeport pilot. Greene, who is eighteen and on vacation from the Bayside High School, wore the customary white duck and piloted a twelve-foot launch which he borrows weekends from his uncle. He and Stanley

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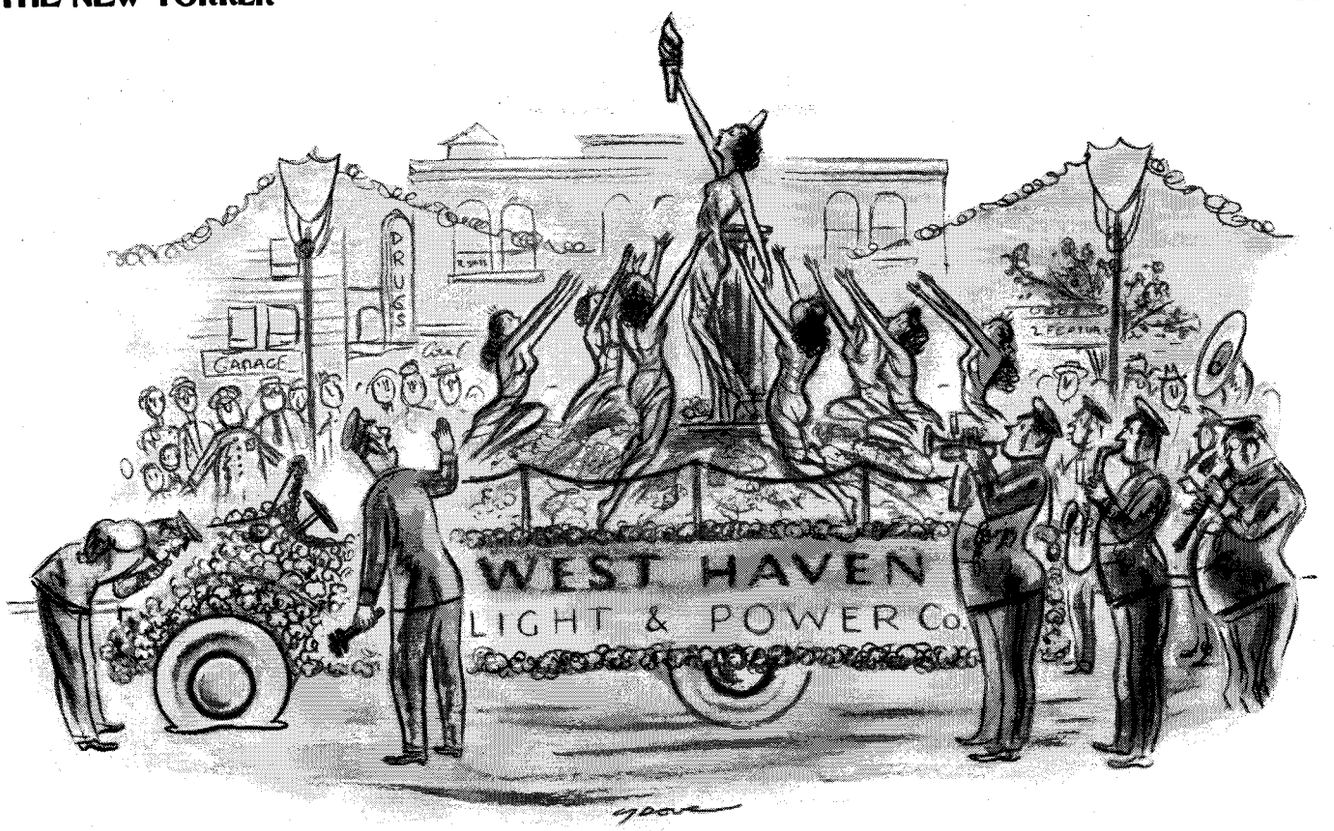

"You can relax, girls. We got a flat."

• •

put out from a pier in Woodcleft Channel shortly after noon, with a cargo of twelve Ice Cream Cups and two hundred and forty Good Humors of assorted flavors.

During the voyage—an eight-mile circuit which took in the Bay of Fundy, Swift Creek, and Jones Bay—Greene told Stanley that establishing a water route was his own idea. It just came to him last year while he was fishing from his uncle's cabin cruiser. The Good Humor home office proved receptive to the idea, and agreed, in view of Greene's furnishing the boat, to pay him thirty per cent of his gross take. This has worked out pretty well for both parties. One hot Sunday recently, Greene grossed $45, and the time Stanley was with him, he sold all twelve Ice Cream Cups and a hundred and seventy Good Humors for a gross of $18.20. Bait docks, anchored fishing boats, and yachts at their moorings seemed to be the best spots for sales. Greene attracted custom in the usual way, by tinkling a set of Good Humor bells, and exercised a seamanlike skill in running alongside without damaging the customers' paint. Everybody seemed to take him for granted, except a fisherman in Coast Guard Cove, who remarked to his companion, "A Good Humor man! All they need is wings, for God's sake!"

Greene sometimes has difficulty obeying the Good Humor keep-smiling, the-customer-is-always-right rule. On weekends there are more stockbrokers than experienced mariners in the local waters, and traffic rules are often ignored. Once, rounding East Point House on a choppy day, Greene was swamped by the wash from a speeding launch, and had to swim for it. Weekend drivers are always violating the right-of-way rules, forcing him out of his course. Greene's biggest adventure under the Good Humor pennant was the time he came upon a chartered fishing vessel drifting about the Bay of Fundy. The skipper had broken his leg, and nobody else could take over. Eddie came aboard, tied his launch astern, and steered the vessel into Freeport, earning the thanks of the passengers and selling them his entire stock of Good Humors.

The other Good Humor patrol, which covers Reynolds Channel from Atlantic Beach Bridge to Long Beach Bridge, is in charge of two lads named Bob Michaels and Lew Hoch. Because of more accessible bases for reloading, they do an even larger business than Eddie Greene. "They're well-to-do lads," a Good Humor official told Stanley. "The family chauffeurs drive them to the dock."

Code

WE'VE heard of a certain United Air Lines pilot, based here, who has worked out an ingenious scheme for communicating with his wife while he is in the air. He has provided her with a short-wave set that picks up calls from incoming planes approaching LaGuardia Field. He's forbidden by regulations to send personal messages from his ship, but nothing prevents him from varying the routine announcements. For instance, if he says, "This is Blank, Flight 16," she knows that he wants to have a quiet dinner and go to bed early. If he says, "This is Captain Blank, Flight 16," she gets into a dinner dress, puts his evening clothes in a suitcase, and meets him at the airport for a night of gaiety. There are lots of other variations—"United Flight 16," "Flight 16, United," "United 16," and so on. The man's smart, even for an aviator.

One in Five

WHILE Congress (not to mention the general public) argues about the draft, Major Thomas B. Wood-

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"I'm so pleased. He's absolutely given up biting people."

• •

burn, head of the Army's Recruiting Publicity Service, is going forward calmly. His office is plastering the country with a new poster, showing Uncle Sam with sleeves rolled up and apparently ready for a fight, bearing the admonition "Defend Your Country." Twelve thousand of these are to be seen locally at the moment. Brief recruiting appeals are being put on the air by many radio stations, on donated time. A monthly publication, the *United States Army Recruiting News*, is being sent to a huge list of schools, colleges, libraries, etc. Display cards are being put up in subway cars, buses, and streetcars in large numbers, in donated space. All this activity centres in a one-story brick building on Governors Island which houses Major Woodburn and his staff of forty-one, mostly enlisted men. The bureau will go on, draft or no draft, for even if there is a draft, the Army expects to get many men from the exempt lists.

Impressive as is this activity, what appeals to us most about Major Woodburn is that he paints his own posters, being, we believe, the only big-scale advertising man in the country to do this. Also, he's one of the very few soldiers listed in *Who's Who in American Art*, albeit briefly. The entry bears an "x" to indicate that the subject had supplied no information about himself. When we sought out the Major last week, he was inclined to cling grimly to his "x," but he loosened up and told us that he was born in Austin, Texas, attended the University of Texas as an architectural student, and later studied painting in Chicago and New York. He attended a military training camp just before our entrance into the World War, served as an infantry officer, and then decided to continue with the Army. As early as 1922 he did a recruiting poster. He served a tour of duty in Hawaii from 1925 to 1928 and while there did more painting—a few more posters, but, he told us, "mostly hula girls and the like." From 1929 to 1933 he was art director of the Recruiting Publicity Service and in 1936, after another spell with the infantry, was put in charge of it. As art director and as chief of the bureau, he used mostly his own posters. He estimates that he has done seventy-five of them to date.

The Major is married, lives on the Island, and has two daughters. The eldest, Betty, who became the wife of a West Point graduate recently, served as her father's model for a poster depicting Miss Columbia backed by an American flag and holding a wreath above marching soldiers of the various American wars. Two hundred thousand prints of this have been distributed, and it is probably the Major's most famous painting, possibly because it represented the Goddess of Liberty as having a reasonably attractive figure. The Major preferably works at home and says he's a faster-than-usual painter. One of his non-military paintings, a six-foot canvas he did in Hawaii, shows Pele emerging naked from a volcano, and this inspired a popular song called "Pele, Goddess of Fire," and recently caused the Hotel Lexington to enter into negotiations for the display of the original in its Hawaiian Room. The Major's two most recent posters have also inspired song: the "Defend Your Country" painting and one called "Wings Over America," which shows a screaming eagle among a flock of zooming planes; music by Leo Edwards, brother of Gus. The "Wings Over America" poster had an unforeseen effect in several places. It had to be taken down because while it brought many men into the recruiting offices, none of them would consider anything but the Air Corps. Usually the Major's efforts result in a wider appeal, and there's no question that he's effective. A cold-blooded questioning of one hundred recruits recently by Army officials revealed that twenty-one of them were in the Army because of the persuasiveness of the Major, expressed either through his posters, his radio broadcasts, or the *Recruiting News*.

Paid in Full

A Professional woman who hires a colored maid by the hour had to leave her apartment early on the day

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she usually pays off the maid. She owed her for seven hours at fifty cents an hour, so she left a five-dollar bill and a note saying, "I owe $3.50 to date." She confidently expected to find $1.50 waiting for her when she got home, but she didn't. There was just a note:

DEAR MISS T—
Thank you for the five dollars. I sat out the rest. SUSIE

Elwood or Bust

ONE of our earlier-rising operatives volunteered last Thursday morning to bid bon voyage to the Willkie Motorcade, made up of backers who were about to drive to Elwood, Indiana, for the acceptance speech. Our man arrived at the specified point of departure, a parking lot just south of the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, shortly before eight o'clock, the specified hour of departure. He found no one around but some photographers and reporters and a cop, who had been instructed to look out for the Republicans and seemed nettled that none were on hand. The first even vaguely political personage to appear was a button, pennant, necktie, and automobile-reflector salesman, who set up shop on the sidewalk, displaying his wares on a card table. Everything he had had "Willkie" on it, but nobody even made him an offer, so he started giving away match packets with "Pull for Willkie" inscribed on them in red, white, and blue. At 8:04, the first Republicans arrived in a flurry of motorcycles—six, to be exact, from the Queensboro Motorcycle Club in Flushing. The cyclists wore gray-blue shirts with "Willkie Motorcade" on the backs. Right behind them came a La Salle sedan, decorated with four American flags; a picture of Willkie; four signs saying "Willkie," in red, white, and blue; a banner saying "Willkie Motorcade to Elwood," also in red, white, and blue; and a sign saying "No 3rd Term," in plain black and white. Then two Pontiacs drove up, one of which had a "Democrats for Willkie" sign on its side. A Democrat for Willkie, Herbert H. Clark, emerged and began talking to the reporters. "I haven't any politics. I came out of the Marine Corps," he said. He pointed to another man standing nearby. "That's Donald Williamson. Donald *E.* Williamson," he added impressively. Mr. Williamson immediately began to distribute printed cards reading, "I believe in Wendell Willkie, Donald E. Williamson."

The leader of the Motorcade was Charles T. Shoop, a gentleman from College Point, Queens, who said he was an undertaker and an automobile renter. He was wearing a big Willkie button, and told our man that he had thought up the Motorcade plan suddenly—"You might say spontaneously"—while reading the Sunday papers a few weeks ago. By advertising in subsequent newspapers, he lined up other drivers to accompany him. He expected to have thirty-eight cars follow his out of New York, but only nine showed up at the meeting place. While the drivers and their passengers, including a couple of sleepy children, stood around waiting for the command to take off, the photographers plied their trade furiously. One of them persuaded a tall, thin lady who identified herself as Mr. Shoop's sister-in-law and an ex-"Follies" girl to sit on the hood of a Pontiac and hold up a sign referring unfavorably to President Roosevelt. Another photographer, seemingly more interested in art than in politics, rushed forward and pulled the lady's skirt well above her knees. She took this in good "Follies" spirit, but another lady in her party squealed with shocked surprise. "It's all right," said the photographer reassuringly. "Just Willkie cheesecake." At 8:40, the Motorcade finally departed, with the motorcycles leading the way. "Boy, was that a masterpiece!" said the cop, as the party headed for Elwood.

•

THAT "Information Please" short which features Wendell Willkie is now being shown in the smart East Side cinemas, to the immense delight of the assembled Republicans. We're told of one Willkie supporter who was observed applauding loudly every time his idol polished off a question and laughing uproariously at each Willkie witticism. He sobered up quickly, however, when Willkie was shown grinning broadly at something Oscar Levant had said, and muttered querulously, "There's that damn Roosevelt smile again!"

"Now this one has the added advantage of being bulletproof."

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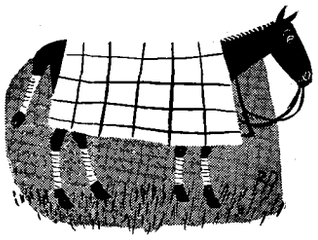
CAUTION—SOFT PROSE AHEAD!

I DON'T want to shame anybody, but while you lazy slugs were lying abed this morning, all knotted up in the sheets and covered with a fine perspiration, Mummy had been up for hours in her gardening apron and floppy hat, shearing great, showy blooms from the publishers' fall announcements. Whether it was that rainy spell or the better-than-average manure worked in around the roots of their authors last spring, there has never been a year like this for the giant double-flowering fatuity and gorgeous variegated drivel. Is there anything you can catch from being around too much overripe beauty? I feel a little faint.

It may seem arbitrary to select for one's affection any single title from twenty catalogues full of them, yet there is something so artless, so downright dewy, about G. P. Putnam's Sons issuing a book called "Trout Fishing in New Zealand in War Time" that you want to rush up to their editorial offices, tuck back their beards, and smother them with kisses. It's a pity that so sweeping a title, embracing, as it does, sport, travel, and war, couldn't have sneaked in a romantic complication as well, like "Trout Fishing with Lana Turner in New Zealand in War Time." Second to Putnam's in my love parade are Farrar & Rinehart with "Sniffy: The Story of a Skunk," by David M. Stearns, who is also author of "Chuckle: The Story of a Woodchuck." If Mr. Stearns ever does a book on labor, he could do worse than call it "Finkle: The Story of a Fink." Another rippling title promised for late this month by the John Day Company is "Piskey Folk," by Enys Tregarthen. "Piskey Folk" is a book of Cornish legends, the nature of which is extremely vague even to the John Day Company:



Not all of the legends published here are of the Piskeys. The sea-going little people of "Bucca Boo's Little Merry Men" and the gnomes of "The Gnome Maiden" play their parts as well; and "A Brotherhood of Little Shadows" presents no little people at all, but a cast of even more nebulous characters in a tale which for beauty of imagery is perhaps unrivalled in folk lore.

Frankly, I got so confused by this dreamy précis that I had to loosen my tiny stays and pour myself a wee dram before I could continue.

To imply that the John Day list is the only one touched with moon magic, however, would be grossly unfair. Henry Holt & Co. are patting their back hair rather self-consciously over a new book called "Skittles," by Rosemary Lamkey. Just what Miss Lamkey's book is about is hard to say, but here is the plotkey:

Skittles, the hero of this story, is fond of wool-gathering, even though he knows it is wrong. And when he is caught bare-handed, he lies. He does that so well, he believes his lies himself! That works until, intent upon some specially lovely wool, he falls *plop!* into a bog, and can't get out. When rescuers ask how he got there, he can't tell the real reason, and each time he lies, he sinks deeper, and his rescuers can't get him out. So they leave him, and after a long time Skittles finally admits the truth to himself, and then the bog releases him. After that, Skittles knows how to tell the difference between the truth and a lie. One of Skittles' friends is a bee, Blzz, and he lives with his mother in a beautiful fairy cottage, and his friends and his house and his rescuers all appear in full colors on the pages of this handsome book.

Maybe it was the sound of the bee's name that got me, but at this juncture a small cloud appeared over my hammock, inside it a log of wood with a saw going through it and the caption "Z-z-z." Had it not been for two comical tramps named Weary Willie and Dusty Rhodes, who stopped by to beg some pie and milk, I should have been sleeping yet.

Probably the most sullen title of the year is that of a shopping guide by Kay Austin, announced by Carrick & Evans: "What Do You Want for $1.98?" I cannot feel that this is the best of all possible titles for a book intended to retail for exactly one dollar and ninety-eight cents, no matter how apropos its subject matter. The average reader, in the first flush of resentment, is liable to turn a dusty pink and pitch the book into the fire before he catches on to the pun (or whatever it is). Of course, the book could be printed on asbestos, but the expense would put it beyond the reach of most readers. Or is that what I had in mind in the first place?

No publishing season passes without its complement of novelty books, but this year such mandarins as Frederick A. Stokes and Appleton-Century have flung discretion to the winds and are kicking up their heels like colts in a pasture. The former is sponsoring something rather spicy called "Fun with String," by Leeming, while the latter's "Betcha Can't Do It," by Alexander van Rensselaer, is a cinch for the curiosa trade, explaining "how to put twelve persons in eleven beds and numerous other intriguing stunts which will break the ice at any party." Apparently the feeling around Appleton-Century is that now is the time for the Piskey folk to come to the aid of the party, for among other piquant icebreakers in this manual will be found directions on "how to crawl under a broom" and "how to put your head through a calling card." If the publishers would like to include an old Creole recipe, which has been in my family for generations, on "how to go soak your head in a bottle of milk," I shall be only too pleased to send it on.

In the field of humor, Frederick A. Stokes is grooming a veritable pippin in the form of a high-spirited travesty on "How to Read a Book," by Mortimer J. Adler. It is called "How to Read Two Books," by Erasmus G. Addlepate (get it?), and is obviously the work of Joe, the stock-room boy. I see Joe as a rather big boy of fifteen whose literary output to date consists of an unproduced play about the bridge craze called "The Glorious Fourth" and a hilarious parody of "Gone with the Wind" called "Come with the Breeze." The most the Stokes catalogue will admit to booksellers is this:

We have been repeatedly foiled in our numerous attempts to discover the identity of the famous author, lecturer, numismatist, and entrepreneur who lurks behind the pseudonym of Erasmus G. Addlepate. [How about it? Is that Joe, the stock-room boy, or not?] If Mr. Addlepate's skill at lurking exceeds *our* skill at detection, you might just as well not bother *your* pretty head about it, but just go ahead and sell "How to Read Two Books."

All right, fellows, that's a deal. Not only won't we bother our pretty heads about it but we'll go further: the next one who even mentions the subject of publishing or publishers is a rotten egg. That is, all except my dream boys, G. P. Putnam's Sons, who, in their description of Isabel Paterson's novel "If It Prove Fair Weather," indulge in one last magnificent orgy of self-analysis. "The new novel," says the blurb, "concerns Emily Cruger, who loves her man and can't get him. The man is James Nathaniel Wishart, a stuffed shirt who is also a publisher, a maddening sort of man who nevertheless comes to fascinate Emily as well as to drive her nearly insane with rage and laughter."

Move over, Emily.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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"That's Q37, in her day one of the most effective secret agents this country ever had."

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THE MAGPIE CHARITY

A MAGPIE, by thrift and diligence, had made a fortune. Now he was dying, and called to his deathbed his two brothers, his son, and two acquaintances—a crow and a rook.

"I am dying," he said in a feeble voice. "Are you sure that we are safely private? No one about? No cats?" They assured him that there was no one about.

"Good. Now I will make my will. After my death I wish you to carry my collection of silver spoons and all my other treasures to the bank and have them changed into money. The bank will make no difficulty, I am sure. The diamond is of the finest water, the spoons are solid silver, everything is hallmarked. Such objects are always honored at a bank, whoever deposits them. I know all about it because I have frequented banks. Once I stole a half sovereign from the Bank of England so cleverly that a clerk was dismissed the same evening. Hark! Did I not hear a noise? Something soft-footed? Pray look about and make sure we are safe from interruption."

"Only a caterpillar," said the crow. "And I have swallowed it."

"May it do you good! Now, after my fortune has been turned into money I wish it to be divided thus. Two-thirds to go to my son and heir. But as he is inclined to be rash and spendthrift, I appoint you, my dear brothers, to act as his guardians. You will be recompensed for your trouble."

The brothers said it would be a pleasure.

"The remaining third," said the magpie, "is to be divided into one hundred equal parts."

"Good gracious, Papa!" said the heir. "Have you really one hundred friends?"

"God forbid! One hundred enemies, more likely. Nasty, sly animals, greedy-guts, rapacious, caterwauling harpies, as bad by night as by day. It is they who have worn me down with nerve trouble and heart failure. If it were not for them, I should not now be lying here. However, since I am, we had best get on with business. Now, pray take notice, for this is complicated. Out of those hundred equal parts, I bequeath twenty-five parts apiece to my two brothers. Of the remaining fifty parts, I bequeath twenty-four parts to you, Master Rook, and the same, Master Crow, to you, on this condition: that you will become trustees and sole administrators of the charitable fund which I propose to endow with the two parts left over. What was that noise I heard just then?"

"Only a bough creaking in the wind," said the rook.

"I thought it was something worse. The interest (they will explain all that at the bank, I have not time to go into it now) on this charitable fund is to be devoted to relieving the necessities of wholly indigent cats."

"Lawks!" exclaimed the other birds in chorus. "Relieving cats? Why, are not cats the very creatures you hate most?"

"I hate all cats," said the magpie. "I would like to peck out their staring eyes. But of all cats, the cats I most hate, dread, and abominate are starving cats. A starving cat is a menace to society. It is to make the world safe for magpies (or at any rate safer) that I have devised this philanthropic scheme. Now, listen! The interest is to be used to buy mice. Buy them wholesale, of course. A genuinely indigent cat will not mind if a mouse is not perfectly fresh, and each one thus supplied with a mouse weekly will mean one indigent menace the less. But observe," added the magpie impressively, "the cats must be in real need. I cannot have my mice distributed among horrid, healthy cats who will hunt the harder for being well fed. Now, let us say no more of it, for I detest the subject. I only beg you to remember that the cats must be wholly indigent."

The magpie died. His executors carried out his wishes to the letter; the bank, too, was most helpful and understanding. After allowing a year or so for the interest to accumulate, and waiting for an advantageous moment to buy mice wholesale, the rook and the crow let it be known that they were ready to look into the claims of any indigent cats who applied for relief.

FOR some while there was no response. The rook and the crow sat waiting in vain, agreeing that the magpie had been terribly taken in, that there was no distress among cats, that they were luxurious animals who turned up their noses at wholesome wholesale mice, and that even a distressed cat was too proud and too lazy to go a step to ask for help. But after a long spell of rain and floods a few cats came to the office,

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walking stiffly and looking ashamed of themselves.

Mindful of the magpie's parting words, the rook and the crow made careful inquiries. It was as they expected: not one of these cats could be considered adequately indigent. Some were young and strong and could look out for themselves. Others were old, and so had many descendants whose sacred duty it was to support them. Others were pretty cats and might reasonably expect to be adopted by some human household. Others had fishbones put away. Sighing over the deceitfulness of catkind, the rook and the crow sat on the box which held the wholesale mice and wished they had not bought so many.

At last, stumbling and limping and blundering, an old black cat came in and asked to be granted relief. The case really looked like a genuine one. He was blind, lame, and almost stone-deaf. He was old, yet he had no descendants, for he was a neutered cat. He was so very ugly that no one would ever adopt him. He had no fishbones put by, and scarcely a tooth in his head.

"I really think we might let him have a mouse—a moderate-sized mouse—weekly," said the crow. "He is so completely destitute that I should have no hesitation in classing him as a menace to society, and that, you know, was what the Benefactor had in mind."

"Softly, softly," said the rook. "Let me question him a little more.

"What would you do with a mouse?" he inquired. There was no answer, and remembering that the applicant was deaf, he hopped closer and screamed into the jagged ear, "WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A MOUSE?"

After a pause, the cat said in a low, flat voice, "Eat it."

"What would you do with its bones?"

This time the cat answered immediately and said, "Scrunch them!"

The rook flew back rather hastily and remarked, "There is no doubt that we can class him as a menace. How right our dear friend was! How discerning!"

Yet even now they had scruples and hesitated. They felt a certain impiety in diminishing the fair total of the wholesale mice, which had been so long intact, and in spoiling the snow-white ledger page by such a poor, vulgar entry as:

NAME—Nigger. PATRONYMIC—None. SEX—None. AGE—17. ADDRESS—None. CONDITION—Destitute. One Mouse.

While they were fidgeting round the inkpot, taking up one pen and then exchanging it for another, brushing a cobweb off the blotter and at the same time keeping a wary eye on the cat, the rook exclaimed, "Merciful heavens! We have been on the brink of a frightful error. Fortunately I thought of it in time. My dear Crow, this cat is no more indigent than I am."

"I suspected it all along," said the crow. "Indigent, indeed! But—er—"

"Do you not know that catskins fetch a very high price in the market? This old impostor is walking about with a good sixpennyworth on his back."

"Outrageous!" cried the crow. "Tell him so at once. And don't mince it, either."

Hearing the two birds squawking and fluttering their wings, the cat turned his blinded head toward them. He supposed they were bringing him the mouse. He began to quiver and growl, and the tip of his tail beat on the floor.

"Ahem!" said the rook. "We are sorry, Mr. Nigger, but it is not possible for us to grant you a relief mouse. You do not comply with the regulations of the Fund. Until you have sold your skin we can do nothing for you."

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"He's on a motorcycle!"

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It seems that Miriam Hopkins was determined to get the camera spotlight. Bette Davis was just as determined she should not. They were on a staircase, and just before "action" was called, Bette got out from behind Miriam and stood on the step above her. Then Miriam took the step above Better, then Bette above Biriam. This went on for some time, until Director Edmund Goulding said, "all right, girls, now you've got that out of your systems, let's start all over again!"—*Raleigh (N. C.) Times.*

Let's *all* start all over again.

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THE VIEW FROM THE TERRACE

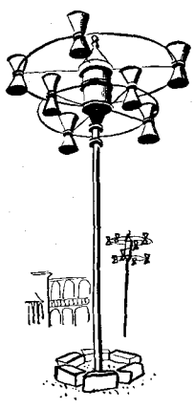
WHEN the telephone rang, Mr. Frederic Montelius was wooing an imaginary jury in the privacy of his office. "Gentlemen, the defence is not merely interested in securing an acquittal. Far more than that, the defence is interested in seeing America made safe for individual enterprise." After this, he murmured "Son of a *bitch!*" in the soft but venomous accents of the University of Virginia, and picked up the phone. "Montelius," he said, not too pleasantly.

"Devore," the voice at the other end warned him. "I have Mr. Thomas Grier of Annesley Bolt & Screw here on my other wire, Frederic." Mr. Devore's tone was unexpectedly winsome. "He wants to know whether you can drive out to his home in Huntington tomorrow morning and spend the weekend."

"Why—why, yes," said Mr. Montelius, agreeably surprised. "Why, of *course*."

"And would you mind dropping into my office at your convenience?" Mr. Devore crooned. "I'd like to discuss certain aspects of the—ah—Murphy case with you."

Mr. Montelius realized that the invitation must have some drawbacks. The Murphy case was nonexistent. He was quite prepared to take whatever risks Mr. Devore might feel the weekend would involve, however, for the idea of fraternizing with Annesley Bolt & Screw was one that strongly appealed to him.



"I'll be right in," he promised.

He had been paired with Mr. Devore, his senior by many years, in so many cases recently that they were becoming known as professional teammates, which was distinctly to Mr. Montelius's advantage. So much so that another firm, Sloane, Todd, Veterito & Susskind, had begun hinting that better things awaited him. He enjoyed only an associateship with Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore, and if Sloane, Todd were to offer him the rank of partner, he would certainly lose no time in making the transfer. The stimulating thought occurred to him, as he replaced the phone, that if he were in a position to offer Annesley Bolt & Screw to Sloane, Todd as a sort of dowry, he would be able to drive an even better bargain. Mr. Montelius went at once to Mr. Devore's office.

"Sit down, Frederic," the old man said. "I wasn't able to talk freely with Tom Grier on the other wire. The fact is, he wanted me to go out for the weekend and I told him I was engaged. So he thought he'd try to get hold of you instead. I'm sorry I couldn't warn you beforehand."

Mr. Montelius was puzzled. "You think there's a catch in it somewhere? Because I really meant it when I said I'd be delighted to go."

"You'll be delighted to come back, too," his superior grunted. "Grier's never asked me out to Huntington except to get a little free advice about his own personal matters. If I were to charge him for that kind of thing, he'd be likely to take Annesley somewhere else. What it amounts to is that he always succeeds in getting a good deal of personal legal advice without cost. The problems he wants help with are never very complicated, but I can't help disliking the principle of the thing. It's unethical to seek legal counsel without expecting to pay for it. *Highly* unethical!"

Mr. Montelius understood. It was a practice for which he, too, entertained the greatest contempt. His Uncle Burton sometimes annoyed him with similar requests. But of course he felt much more sympathetically disposed toward Mr. Grier than he did toward his Uncle Burton.

"I suppose it's expedient for you to go," said Mr. Devore. "Apart from whatever it is that Grier wants, I imagine you'll have a fairly good time. They live well. Mrs. Grier owns a place in Nassau, and they both have gone around in European society to some extent. Be prepared for golf and perhaps some rather heavy gambling. Try to keep out of anything that promises to be too stiff, but if you lose a little more than you can afford, I'm almost certain the firm will be willing to reimburse you. We'll manage to charge it to Annesley some way or other. Oh, yes—one more thing. Grier's chauffeur will be at your apartment at ten tomorrow morning and drive you out. You'll get there in time for lunch. I know I can rely on you, Frederic, to handle Grier with velvet gloves. In case he should happen to badger you about something you aren't able to take care of, you'd better phone me at Herbert Kraft's in Newport. I'm going up there tonight."

If old Mr. Devore could have known with what eagerness Mr. Montelius was looking forward to the weekend, the Herbert Krafts might conceivably have found themselves with one less guest.

THE next morning, an Isotta, the color of ruby port, took Mr. Montelius to Long Island and, at a point a few miles beyond Huntington, turned into the driveway of an estate, which a pair of ornate stone gateposts proclaimed to be Beauciel. A servant showed Mr. Montelius to his room, and after a tactful interval led him downstairs again and out on an attractive terrace overlooking both the Sound and a pretty little inlet. Beauciel was on a point of land. Mr. Grier introduced him to Mrs. Grier, a Miss d'Aubaye, and a Miss Darrell, all of whom were engaged in looking at a large album.

"You'll think we're utterly insane," said Mrs. Grier, who was strikingly well dressed. Both she and Miss d'Aubaye seemed to be incarnations of the illustrations in the fashion magazines. "Tots and I are being very premature and are choosing our Christmas cards. Don't you want to order yours, too? Miss Darrell will adore it if you do. She's selling them."

"For fun," Miss Darrell explained hastily. She was an angular woman, elaborately got up in flowered chiffon. "I just do it for a few friends."

"What'll you have to drink?" asked Mr. Grier. "The rest of us are having Daiquiris, but I'll ring for some Scotch if you'd rather have that." Mr. Montelius said that a Daiquiri would be fine.

"They're made by three frightfully clever girls in Ossining," said Miss Darrell. "Really nice people, you know."

"Take a look out there," said Mr. Grier, pointing the cocktail-shaker toward the water, "and tell me what you think of *that*."

"In reduced circumstances, more or less," said Miss Darrell sadly. She followed this with a little series of sighs. "They do everything themselves, except the actual printing. All the designing and the hand coloring. They're very gifted!"

"It's magnificent," said Mr. Montelius, smiling briefly at Miss Darrell and then nodding in the direction of the Sound with the admiration he felt Mr. Grier expected of him. "What part of Connecticut are you opposite?"

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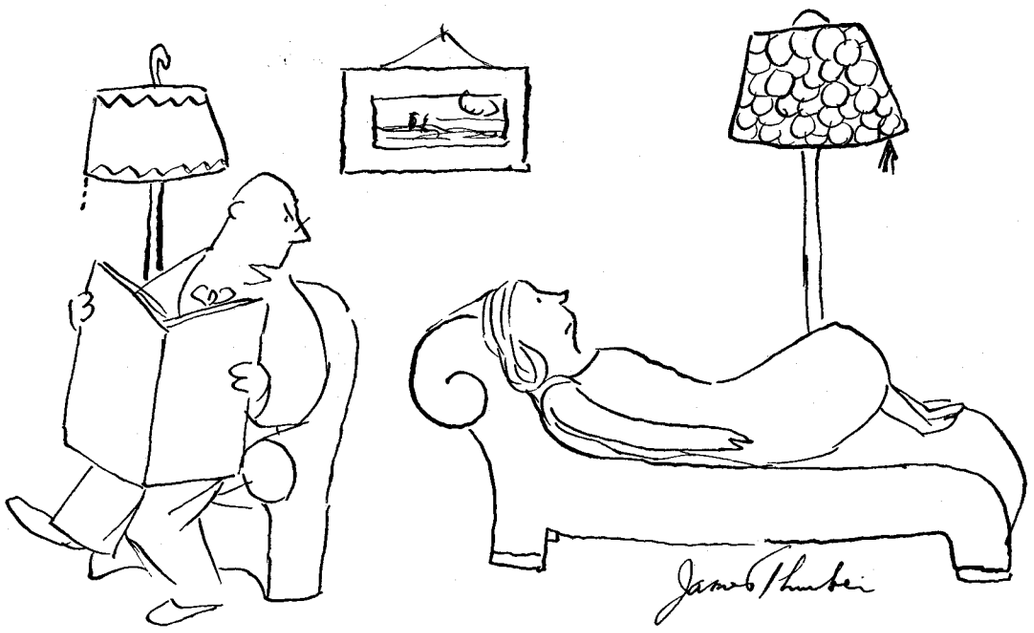

"I do love you. I just don't feel like talking military tactics with you."

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"I don't know—Westport or something," said Mr. Grier with an impatient shrug of his shoulders. "That wasn't what I meant. You aren't looking where I'm pointing."

"You mean the float?" Mr. Montelius inquired. "The little diving float just beyond your beach?"

Mr. Grier frowned at him with marked irritation. "Diving float nothing," he said.

"Give the poor man his drink, darling," Mrs. Grier commanded. "Can't you see his tongue's hanging out? How in the name of heaven can he be expected to know you're talking about lobsters? It's a lobster car, or whatever they call it, Mr. Montelius. Every day Tom gets increasingly savage about it." She turned to Miss d'Aubaye. "Now let's find something quite mad for David."

"Well, sir, you may not believe me, but that's just what it is!" Mr. Grier said slowly and with great solemnity. "A contraption for storing lobsters! Directly in front of what's supposed to be my property!" He paused to let the enormity of the offence become clear. "Where everyone who chooses to sit here and enjoy the view is compelled to look at it, day in and day out!" At last he poured the cocktail, which Mr. Montelius took, wondering whether it was about the "contraption" that he had been summoned. It seemed an inoffensive object. After all, he had mistaken it for a diving float.

"Oh, send him that one!" Miss d'Aubaye exclaimed suddenly. "He'll adore it!"

"The damn thing belongs to a man down in the village. Someone named O'Hara. I told Bender—he's the chauffeur who brought you out—to go down and see about it. O'Hara says he's entitled to keep his lobsters there if he wants to. He says he takes them from his lobster pots and keeps them in this box out there until he needs them. It seems they stay alive and fresh with the tides washing them. You'll probably see him come along in his powerboat pretty soon and start fiddling around. It's an outrage!" Then his manner became elaborately offhand. "I suppose there *is* a legal way of getting rid of the thing? I want to follow the correct procedure."

Mr. Montelius suspected that there must be something about the paraphernalia of the lobster industry in common law and that definite rulings had very likely been handed down in various jurisdictions from time to time. He marshalled in his mind everything he had ever heard about riparian rights and obstructions in navigable waters, but without recalling anything useful.

"I want something particularly attractive for Marina," Mrs. Grier was saying to Miss d'Aubaye. There was respect in her tone. "She has such exquisite taste. Miss Darrell, I'd like to see something smart but restrained. What can you suggest?"

Miss Darrell seemed vastly impressed. "You're putting a *great* responsibility on my shoulders," she said happily, and she fluttered over the album with even more energy than before.

"An interesting precedent might be found," Mr. Montelius began, and Mr. Grier brightened. He had evidently feared that his method of securing counsel gratis had not been eliciting the same wholehearted response that it always drew from Mr. Devore. "A precedent might be found," Mr. Montelius said, "if you could prove that the lobster car rests on the beach at half tide. In that case your rights would definitely have been infringed upon."

"But it doesn't rest on the beach even at dead-low tide," said Mr. Grier irritably. "It's too far out for that. As a matter of fact, we're having low tide right now. The point is, I want to know whether or not I control the water along my property. And my rights *have* been infringed on. He's spoiled my view."

"I'm afraid the car is in federal waters," Mr. Montelius apologized, "but I'll be glad to investigate. Tell me, Mr. Grier, does it obstruct navigation in any way? Does it prevent boats from entering or leaving the inlet, for example?"

Mr. Grier replied that it didn't at all interfere with boat traffic. "My only objection to it is that it's an eyesore," he snapped. "You can see for yourself that it absolutely spoils our view." Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "There!" he cried. "See 'em coming?" A fisherman's launch was approaching the lobster car. "The two men you see are O'Hara and his son-in-law. The son-in-law's a ruffian. He actually threatened to strike Bender. *Now* see what they're doing!" Having brought the launch alongside, the two men had unlocked the hinged top of the receptacle and, opening it, had begun to transfer a haul of lobsters from the launch.

Miss d'Aubaye looked up from the Christmas cards. "But it's like Brittany," she protested casually. "Really, Tom, I thought you had an eye for the picturesque."

"Picturesque be damned!" said Mr. Grier. "I'm not going to have lobstermen doing business in my front yard!" He turned to Mr. Montelius again and

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suggested that he think about the matter a little further and not try to reach a decision until after lunch. Perhaps Mr. Grier felt that their talk was in danger of losing the charm of casualness, that it was on the verge of becoming an official consultation. Miss d'Aubaye and Mrs. Grier, supplied with fresh Daiquiris, returned to the cards.

"Are you sending one to Her Maj?" asked Miss d'Aubaye, and Mrs. Grier made an amusing face.

"Good God, I suppose so!" she sighed. "But the question is *what?* It'll have to be something frightfully fuddy-duddy, such as an etching of Christmas in the Highlands."

"Perfect!" Miss d'Aubaye agreed. "That is just the kind of thing *she* sends."

"Do you get Christmas cards from her?" asked Mrs. Grier, raising her eyebrows.

"Darling, of course not!" said Miss d'Aubaye. "I'm not one of the elect. But I always have one from the Kents, naturally. What about cathedrals, Miss Darrell?"

"I have a sort of modernistic one," said Miss Darrell, greatly elated. But when the ladies saw it, they decided that it was much too modernistic for Her Maj. Mrs. Grier said gaily that she would look for a subdued and intensely respectable etching the next time she was in town.

"May I use your telephone, if there's time before lunch?" Mr. Montelius asked hurriedly. "I have rather an important business call to make."

Just as Mrs. Grier rose to show him where the phone was, the butler came out on the terrace and announced that luncheon was served. "Go put your call through anyway," said Mrs. Grier with reassuring amiability, "and Steer will show you where the dining room is, won't you, Steer? We won't bother to wait. Everything's very informal here." Mr. Montelius was reluctant about going, but she blithely waved him away.

"Mr. Devore, this is Montelius," he said when he had reached the senior partner at the Herbert Krafts'. He closed the door of the telephone closet so that Steer, who was waiting, would hear no legal intimacies. "It seems to involve a lobster car, if you know what that is." He explained the situation as carefully as possible. "I thought there might be a chance that it could be declared a public nuisance," he finished.

"Only if it's a material obstruction to free passage," said Mr. Devore. "Surely you know that, Frederic. Is it large enough to be called a material obstruction?"

"No," said Mr. Montelius. "It's quite small, and it doesn't seem to be in the way of navigation in any sense of the word."

"Then there's no way in which Grier can bring equitable action to enjoin or abate it," said Mr. Devore. From his superior's choice of words, Mr. Montelius suspected that a number of people were overhearing the conversation at the Newport end.

He said hopefully, "I thought there

THE GLAMOUR BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE GRIEVANCES TOO

CHORUS OF MOVIE STARLETS AND JUVENILES:
You've no idea how dull it is
Just being perfect nullities,
The idols of a democratic nation,
The heroes of the multitude,
Their dreams of female pulchritude;
We're very, very tired of admiration.

1ST MOVIE STARLET:
1ST MOVIE JUVENILE:
BOTH TOGETHER:
My measurement around the hips,
The cut of my mustache and lips,
Obey the whims of fashion;
In our embraces we select
Whatever technique seems correct
To give the visual effect
Of an Eternal Passion.

FEMALE POWERS MODEL:
On beaches or in night clubs I
Excel at femininity.

MALE POWERS MODEL:
And I at all athletics;
I pay attention to my hair.

FEMALE POWERS MODEL:
MALE POWERS MODEL:
FEMALE POWERS MODEL:
For personal hygiene I've a flair,
The Hercules of underwear,
The Venus of cosmetics.

CHORUS OF MALE AND FEMALE ATHLETES:
We're bored with being glamorous,
We're bored with being amorous,
For all our fans we don't give a banana;
Who wants to be exhibited
To all the world's inhibited
As representative Americana?

2ND MOVIE STARLET:
The things a man of eighty-two
Will ask of his dream ingénue,
I shouldn't like to retail.

CHORUS OF STARLETS:
Unless you've tried to play Mamma,
You can't guess how particular
Young men who miss their mothers are
About each little detail.

2ND MOVIE JUVENILE:
Rescuing girls from waterfalls,
Or shooting up the sheriff, palls
Like any violent action.

CHORUS OF JUVENILES:
We never want to die again,
Or throw a custard pie again,
To give the decent citizen
Vicarious satisfaction.

GRAND CHORUS OF MOVIE STARLETS, MOVIE JUVENILES, POWERS MODELS, ATHLETES MALE AND FEMALE, DÉBUTANTES, ET AL.:
You've no idea how dull it is
Just being perfect nullities,
The idols of a democratic nation,
The heroes of the multitude,
Their dreams of female pulchritude;
We're VERY, VERY tired of admiration.

—W. H. AUDEN

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might be some way of applying the principle of riparian rights."

"Well, there isn't. Riparian rights apply only to rivers, and you ought to know it," said Mr. Devore briskly. "You'll just have to figure out some way of soothing him, I'm afraid." After all, Mr. Devore was safe in Newport and Mr. Montelius was in charge of the situation at Beauciel. "Perhaps you can let him win at golf."

"But Mr. Devore," said Mr. Montelius desperately, "isn't there *any* way in which a minor obstruction can be construed as actionable?"

"The law holds that if a minor obstruction exists for a reasonable purpose, it isn't a nuisance," said Mr. Devore. "I assume that this man O'Hara could plead a reasonable purpose, couldn't he?"

Mr. Montelius confessed that this might well be the case.

"Then I think you'd either better try letting Grier win eighteen holes or else go down to the village and see if you can't throw a scare into the O'Hara family. That wouldn't do any harm, you know." After this he added severely, "You really should be better acquainted with the law relating to this kind of thing, Frederic. The case of Somebody-or-Other versus the Cornell Steamboat Company thoroughly established the law regarding minor obstructions to free passage. Unfortunately I forget the details, but there *is* a precedent."

Mr. Montelius again made use of his favorite expletive. "Son of a bitch!" he said, shielding the mouthpiece.

"Well, good luck," said the renegade. "I'll see you on Monday." He hung up.

MR. MONTELIUS reflected bitterly, as Steer led him to the dining room, that the one thing he had no intention of doing was to go down and try to intimidate the O'Haras. He remembered the chauffeur's experience. Taking his place at the luncheon table, the young man wondered whether, without the Annesley dowry, he would stand even a remote chance of being given a Sloane, Todd partnership. For a horrible moment he visualized himself going to Sloane, Todd as a research hack.

"From the very first sip, I was almost certain it was Moselle," Miss Darrell was breathing ecstatically. "I don't know when I've tasted anything so perfect."

Mr. Montelius noted grimly that she, at least, was having a successful day. He forced himself to smile at his host. "I hope I'm to have the pleasure of enjoying a little golf with you before I leave," he said in a winning manner.

"I don't know whether I'll feel like it or not," said Mr. Grier vaguely. "I've been going through hell with an arthritic knee."

"All Tom's done lately has been to sit on the terrace," said Mrs. Grier, and something in her eyes warned the young man.

The implication was clear enough. There would be no opportunity for golf. And something had to be done at once if Annesley Bolt & Screw was to accompany him to Sloane, Todd. Mr. Montelius tried to figure out how much money a Long Islander—an O'Hara—would demand before he would move his lobster car into less fastidious environs. Fifty dollars? A hundred? Two hundred? Five hundred? More? Mr. Montelius reviewed the state of his bank account. Perhaps by careful juggling, and by pruning his expenses here and there, he would be able to turn the trick. It would be in the nature of an investment, of course, but Mr. Montelius was unable to predict whether the investment would be large or small. He wondered unhappily what items he would have to strike out of his budget. If only they proved to be minor—a dozen shirts or the Spinsters' Ball. But not the Filipino his Cousin Roland had recommended. Not the Pierce roadster Larry Hutton wanted to sell. Not the marvellous duplex that a friend of Sam Porterfield was giving up. Suddenly, Mr. Montelius experienced the very feeling that had come over him at Taft when he first sampled a cigar. He hastily put down his soup spoon.

Miss Darrell bent forward and addressed him gaily. "After lunch, Mr. Montelius, I'm going to lure you into ordering just dozens of Christmas cards!" she said.

—JAMES REID PARKER

"Wouldn't it be easier, George, just to hold the camera upside down?"

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Jack Kapp

PROFILES

PULSE ON THE PUBLIC

IN writing about the career of Jack Kapp, president of Decca Records, Inc., and leading sponsor of the thirty-five-cent record, it becomes necessary to make use of a biographical pattern established early in the nineteen-twenties, when the *American Magazine* printed uniformly glowing accounts of the careers of successful businessmen. Into each of these lives there came, it seemed, a moment of black despair, when things looked so bad that it was difficult to go on; then Vision and the Will to Win triumphed, and the magnate in question wound up happily in a flurry of extra dividends and adulatory prose.

Jack Kapp's darkest moment was the day in April, 1931, when he boarded a train in New York to go to California. He was thirty years old, he had been in the phonograph-record business for sixteen years, and he had risen to the responsible post of recording director for Brunswick. It was now his melancholy task to supervise the closing of the company's West Coast office, which had finally succumbed to the depression. Record sales were down to a fraction of what they had been two years before and Kapp, normally an optimistic man, could not avoid the thought that the American public might soon be buying no records at all. "I had reached the pinnacle," he says today, looking back on this Gethsemane, "but when I got there the bottom dropped out."

As he sat brooding in the club car, Kapp's gaze fell on an open magazine in the seat beside him, and a grim question leaped out at him: "Where Will You Be Five Years from Now?" This, by a coincidence, was a question much on his own mind, so he read the text below the headline, which turned out to be an advertisement of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, a correspondence school specializing in business courses. It was beyond question an omen, and Kapp did not hesitate. There was a coupon in one corner of the page. Kapp filled in his name, tore carefully along the dotted line, put the coupon in an envelope, addressed it to the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and gave it to the porter to mail at the next stop. Today Jack Kapp is the biggest man in the phonograph-record business.

OF the 50,000,000 phonograph records sold in this country during 1939, 18,000,000 were thirty-five-cent records produced by Decca. Decca's output alone is twice that of the entire industry during the worst of the depression. Whether Decca's radical policies are responsible for the boom or whether they just grew out of it is a point which record men argue. It is a fact that, although a number of minor companies had been making thirty-five-cent (and even twenty-five-cent) records for years, Decca was the first to do it on a large and successful scale, and that the company's two big competitors, R.C.A. Victor and Columbia, have since put out their own thirty-five-cent lines. The seventy-five-cent popular record, a standby for two decades, has all but disappeared. The decreased profit has been compensated for, at least for Decca, by highly adequate increases in sales. In 1933, when things were at their worst, a popular record was doing well if it sold 25,000 copies. The recording of "Sweet Leilani" that Bing Crosby made for Kapp in 1937 sold over 250,000 copies. More recently, Ella Fitzgerald's "A-Tisket A-Tasket" and the Andrews Sisters' "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" did about the same. The returns are not all in on Jimmy Dorsey's "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga," but it ought to do almost as well.

It was a scant sixteen months ago, and then only after much serious thought, that Kapp engaged a piano teacher and began to delve into musical notation and other technical mysteries. Before that he had always said, "I will *listen* to music, but I won't *learn*," adding by way of explanation, "I've got to keep my pulse on the public." The fact that Kapp now feels he can safely study music is a direct tribute to the growth of culture in America. It means he has concluded that, even with his new knowledge, he will not outdistance the multitude. This unswerving devotion to the popular taste prevents Kapp from putting his O.K. on any musical arrangement which tends to obscure the flow of melody and rhythm. Kapp has an almost tender respect for the thousands of people who put nickels into the barroom phonographs known as juke boxes. A business rival of his recently adumbrated Kapp's peculiar excellence in the popular-music field in this peevish statement: "Kapp is a man of no taste. He's so corny he's good." Such an indictment, if it reached Kapp's ears, would probably not annoy him.

The old-fashioned, conservative method of recording an artist is to sign him up, make a selection from his repertoire, and allow him to perform it his own way. Kapp works in a manner diametrically opposed to this; he lies awake nights—two hours a night, by his own count—thinking up new ways of utilizing the talent he has under contract. An orthodox baritone named Frank Luther, for example, was arbitrarily changed by Kapp into a singer of children's songs, and has achieved great success recording Mother Goose, the Babar stories, and Irving Caesar's appealing "Songs of Safety." Kapp often splits bands into groups, or borrows a section from one to augment another, or persuades two professionally unrelated singers to knock off a couple of duets for him. His younger brother, David, who works for Decca as recording director, says, "They may smell on nine counts, but Jack always finds the tenth." The nation owes Kapp a vote of thanks for persuading Bing Crosby to drop the "boo-boo bub-boo" of his early manner. Kapp also convinced Crosby that it would be good business to record some of the old standard numbers, like "Silent Night," "Home on the Range," and "I Love You Truly." "Someday, Bing, you are going to be old and gray," his argument ran. "You know what I mean—no more royalties. But if you have some nice little standard numbers in the catalogue, then you should worry about rainy days." Last year, Crosby recordings accounted for 2,000,000 of Decca's sales. He is not always tractable, as witness the matter of "I Wished on the Moon." When Crosby arrived at the Decca studio to record this number, Kapp said he wanted it all vocal. Crosby held out for one vocal chorus only. "One chorus or else I walk

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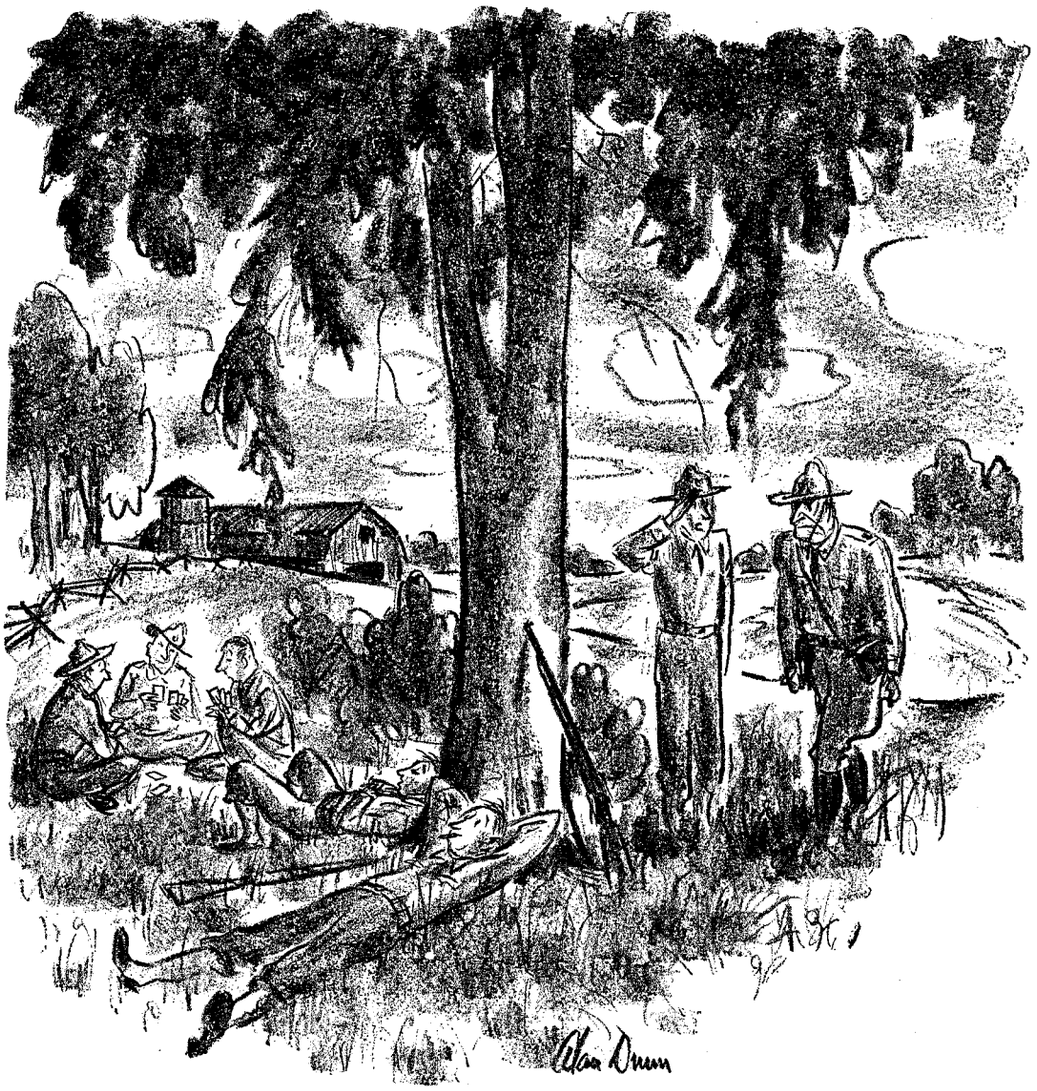
right out of here and go to the ball game," he told Kapp. "Take your choice —one chorus, or the ball game." While Kapp was pleading with him, the sound engineers started the recording machinery. The argument is preserved to this day in the Decca archives—Kapp pleading for an all-vocal, Crosby repeating "One chorus, or I go to the ball game." Kapp takes a dour pleasure in relating that Crosby won and that the record didn't sell at all well.

Kapp attends most of the important recordings at his studio, at 50 West Fifty-seventh Street. If the staff and artists see him sitting relaxed, with a large grin on his face, wagging his head from side to side as if saying "No, no, no," they know that things are going well, that Kapp feels the new record is attuned to the taste of the American public. The people about Kapp have a fanatic trust in his sixth sense. One of his musical arrangers, after having been shown the error of his professional ways in the course of an argument over an arrangement, impulsively cried, "If I ever open my mouth again in the studio, hit me!"

JACK KAPP is thirty-nine, an age which he considers just right for a man in his job, combining as it does a youthful viewpoint with a certain degree of mellowness. He has an alert, lopsided face with a long nose and large ears. He smiles much of the time, and when he is not smiling his expression is like that of a man who has just tasted a strange hors-d'œuvre. A stranger might think from this expression that he had somehow incurred Kapp's displeasure, but it simply indicates his readiness to receive, from whatever unlikely quarter, his next tip on the trend of the popular taste in music.

Kapp was born in Chicago. His father was a salesman for the Columbia company. He went from house to house with a bag of records, first on foot and later in a buggy, taking orders. Jack, the eldest of four children, went along sometimes in the buggy days, holding the reins and occasionally helping his father set up a portable phonograph and demonstrate records in a saloon. At home, on the north side of Chicago, the phonograph was always in operation. "The first one up in the morning started playing it," Kapp's brother, David, recalls. On winter Sundays the whole family would cluster about the gas log and listen to the new releases their father brought home from the office. Jack Kapp decided then that the record business was his destiny. When he was fourteen, he got a part-time job, at $5 a week, as a shipping clerk in Columbia's Chicago office. Three years later, after graduating from high school, he got a full-time job in the order department. His grasp of the technique of salesmanship so amazed his superiors that by the time he was eighteen, he was calling on the trade and addressing his colleagues at sales meetings. He also wrote several articles for trade magazines, and one of his sales letters was selected by Alta Gwinn Saunders, Professor of English at the University of Illinois, for publication in an anthology entitled "Effective Business English." Kapp says now of this phase, "I used to be aggressive in the literary manner."

It was during this period that Kapp performed a really stupendous feat of memory. He memorized the title and number of each of the four thousand records in the Columbia catalogue, and then, using the catalogue as a key, he memorized the street address and telephone number of about a hundred and fifty Columbia retailers in and around Chicago. For instance, the telephone number Canal 2706 was linked in his brain with "Onward Christian Soldiers" —No. 2706 in the Columbia catalogue —and he remembered it as Canal Onward Christian Soldiers. Similarly, Lawndale 2806 became Lawndale Four Little Blackberries, and the street address 2937 Archer Avenue was filed away as That Old Irish Mother of Mine Archer Avenue. If the address or telephone number was higher than 4000,



"It's all right, sir. They're fighting a rear-guard action."

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he had to look it up in the directory.

Obviously, a man with this peculiar talent was not going to stay in a rut. When Kapp was twenty-five, he went to work for the Brunswick company, which gave him a salary of $75 a week and put him in charge of Vocalion records, then devoted chiefly to Negro music. He served both as talent scout and sales promoter, and became such a familiar figure in Negro districts all over the country that he was finally forced to set aside one trouser pocket for dollar bills only, so that he could, when approached for a small loan, reach into the pocket and hand over a couple of bills with the proper carefree gesture, without looking to make sure they weren't fives or tens. Among his discoveries in the Negro districts of cities he visited were Edward W. Clayburn, a sort of home-grown Calypso singer, who played his own accompaniment with a broken bottle neck on a guitar and recorded for Vocalion a successful number called "Your Enemy Cannot Harm You But Watch Your Close Friend," and Jim Jackson, an itinerant singer who became famous in the late twenties because of a Vocalion record entitled "Kansas City Blues." Also, by haunting stage doors when he was in New York, Kapp established a number of what he likes to call "contacts" in the theatre, getting on speaking terms with Van and Schenck, Ted Lewis, Marilyn Miller, Will Rogers, and Al Jolson. To Kapp, his contacts are no trifling matter. Ten years ago he fell in love with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, and decided that it should record for Brunswick. He tagged about after Lombardo for a full year, bobbing up in whatever city Lombardo might be playing, and presenting him with a contract to sign. Another record company had meanwhile started negotiations with Lombardo, and complications arose. Kapp trailed Lombardo day and night for a week, to make sure that his opponent did not further strengthen its position. Finally the rival companies referred the matter to Lombardo's agent, the Music Corporation of America, for arbitration. Jules Stein, the president, patted Kapp on the shoulder and said, "Anybody who loves the band as much as you do deserves that contract."

The success of Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy," 2,000,000 records of which were sold by Brunswick in 1928, was a personal triumph for Kapp. He arrived in Los Angeles on a sales trip just as Jolson was making his second talking film, "The Singing Fool." Jolson sang "Sonny Boy" and "There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" to Kapp over the telephone, and Kapp's eerie spiritual contact with the Multitude instantly convinced him that these songs would make a best-selling record. Kapp's superiors in New York remained cold to his enthusiastic telegrams about "Sonny Boy," so he finally signed up Jolson on his own responsibility. The recording of the song was an equally difficult problem, because Jolson insisted on treating it as a personal appearance, mugging, clasping his hands, and going down on one knee, paying no attention to the microphone. "How can they like it if they don't get what you're saying?" Kapp asked Jolson. Eventually he persuaded Jolson to eliminate the gestures and sing distinctly into the microphone. For a year the song came out of practically every phonograph and radio in the nation, with horrible clarity.

"Good heavens, man, have you no ethics?"

RETURNING to New York after closing down Brunswick's West Coast offices in 1931, Kapp found waiting for him an Alexander Hamilton Institute catalogue and registration blank. He agreed to pay $157 for a two years' course in business administration. Kapp devoted a full hour every evening to each week's lesson and graduated with honors. Then, considering Brunswick's problems in the light of his new knowledge, he decided that a profitable alliance with England should be the firm's next step. He persuaded Brunswick to send him to London, where he sold E. R. Lewis, the owner of a British record company called Decca, the right to press Brunswick records in England. In 1933, Kapp again went to England, to transact some business with Decca. This time he and Lewis talked about the possibility of conquering the American market with cheaper records. Kapp was so fired by this talk, and so impatient with the stodginess of the big, established record manufacturers, that, returning across the Atlantic in December, he came to a resolution: either his firm would make him president or he would resign. The following summer, when he put this proposition up to Brunswick, it accepted his resignation.

The American Decca Company, which has no connection with the English company, was incorporated in America ten days later. Lewis, the English Decca man, furnished the capital, a veteran record man named E. F. Stevens, Jr., was in charge of sales, and Kapp was the presiding genius. On the very day of Decca's incorporation, Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo severed their connection with Brunswick, with whom their contracts had just expired, and signed up with Kapp. They were soon joined by the Mills Brothers, Ethel Waters, Ted Lewis, the Dorsey Brothers, the Casa Loma orchestra, Frank Luther, and Isham Jones. To the accusation of talent-raiding, Kapp replied

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OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES FOR A GAYER FAIR

The Turkish Building

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that he was paying less money than the other concerns, and that the artists had followed him simply out of loyalty. He still tells the story of the time that Crosby, who had just gone to work for Decca, was offered $35,000 to make twelve records for a competitor. "Bing, they're doing this just to hurt me," Kapp told him. Crosby refused the offer.

The early days of Decca were full of unhappiness. The idea of the thirty-five-cent record was fought by some musicians because it lowered their royalty on a record from four cents to two cents, and by some dealers because it whittled their profit down from thirty to fourteen cents. At one point, Kapp, feeling that he was up against a combination in restraint of trade, instructed his attorneys to bring damage suits totalling $1,000,000 against the other record manufacturers, alleging that they were warning retailers not to handle Decca records, persuading record critics on publications to ignore Decca releases, and circulating false rumors about Kapp's financial standing. The suit was never brought to trial, but it remained pending during Decca's infancy and served nicely as a hands-off warning.

In the technical department, things went no better. Kapp had taken over an old factory in Orange, New Jersey, once used by Brunswick. The machinery proved to be in bad shape and incapable of top-speed production. At unpredictable intervals, the power and the presses failed. Moreover, the "hot biscuit," the compound from which records are made, was produced from an unreliable recipe. Nearly all the Decca records turned out in the first three months of production were returned to the factory, warped, poorly grooved, or with their holes off centre. At one

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"Her answer was a flat 'No.'"

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time it seemed to the unhappy pioneers that more records were being returned than had been produced, as if some fiend in a secret lair were at work forging imperfect Decca records. Time, and Mr. Lewis, who loyally added an extra $400,000 to his original investment of $250,000, eventually straightened things out. At the end of 1935, Decca showed a tiny profit. The profit was $85,000 in 1937, $207,000 in 1938, and $374,000 in 1939.

Kapp lives with his wife and an eight-year-old daughter, Myra, in a seven-room apartment on Central Park West. The apartment contains five radios, three with phonograph combinations. One is a portable, which Kapp occasionally takes into the bathroom with him. Kapp, like his father before him, brings home armloads of records from the office. Mrs. Kapp—she was his childhood sweetheart in Chicago—distributes them to the elevator boys after the family has listened to them. Myra has a record collection of her own in her bedroom, including numbers that have been specially recorded for her, for her birthdays, by Bing Crosby, Dick Robertson, and Dick Powell. The Crosby number, called "The Girl with the Pigtails in Her Hair," which Crosby composed impromptu, was so successful at home that Kapp had it polished up for commercial release. Kapp and his wife spend much of their leisure listening to music—opera, symphonies, musical shows, and night-club entertainment. Kapp will not commit himself on what his musical preferences are. "I subject myself to a great deal of music," he says, rather glumly. "If a thing's good of its kind, I like it." Kapp's clothes closet is replete with Dunhill suits, Sulka ties, and Cavanagh hats, and his bookshelves house an equally lavish literary display: "The Universe Around Us," "Mathematics for the Millions," "Astronomy for the Millions," "The Education of an American," "An Introduction to Psychology," and the like. He reads such books carefully, and his phenomenal memory enables him to produce innumerable quotations from them. Kapp says he has "a great hunger to know what this world is all about," and he reads to that end, making notes and consulting an encyclopedia to clear up puzzling points. Approximately four feet of his shelves are devoted to *Fortune*, and he hoards in binders all the programs of plays and concerts he has attended. The way he tackled Shakespeare is typical of his intellectual approach. He engaged a young Columbia instructor to come to his apartment two evenings a week and expound Shakespeare. When the course was finished, he bought a portable recording machine and recorded his own interpretation of the great soliloquies.

Kapp's office, spacious, brocade-hung, and lighted by big, whining mercury-arc lamps, is high up in the building at 50 West Fifty-seventh Street. From his windows, overlooking the Park, he can see Harlem, which gave Decca some of its biggest successes but is now dead as a burned-out matchstick. Kapp looks carelessly at Harlem, as might a farmer at a worked-out field. "The boys downtown do just as well these days," he says. He doesn't know what the next musical vogue will be, or where it will come from. Decca has been looking for authentic regional music—songs of the old West, real Kentucky hill ballads, Hawaiian religious music. The only restriction Kapp puts on such recordings is an elevating one: he forbids dialects or other forms of clowning with languages. "Do people say in real life, 'Where do you worka, John?' or 'Me ould Oirish mither'? *No!*" he says, sincerely if perhaps inaccurately. The next trend may be toward classical music, in which case the records of what Kapp calls the Decca Little Symphony, now experimenting cautiously with Tchaikovsky, will replace Ella Fitzgerald in the juke boxes.

—Howard Whitman

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Japanese are probably the cleanest people on earth. They use different sets of chopsticks for arranging charcoal in a stove, for picking caterpillars off rose bushes, and for eating.—*Life*.

That's being almost *too* fussy.

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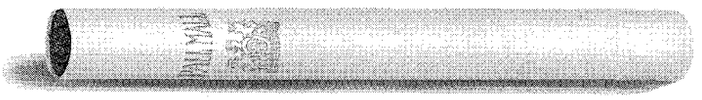

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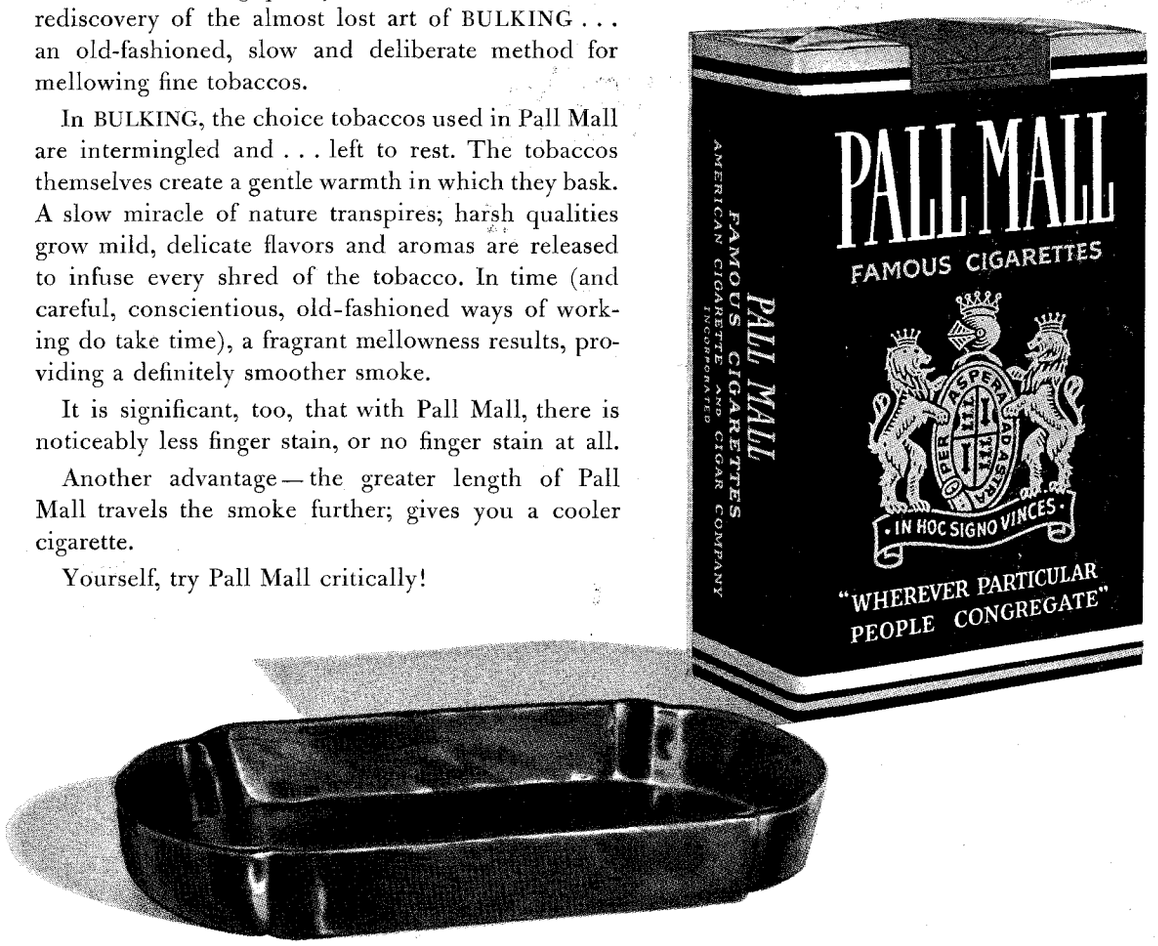

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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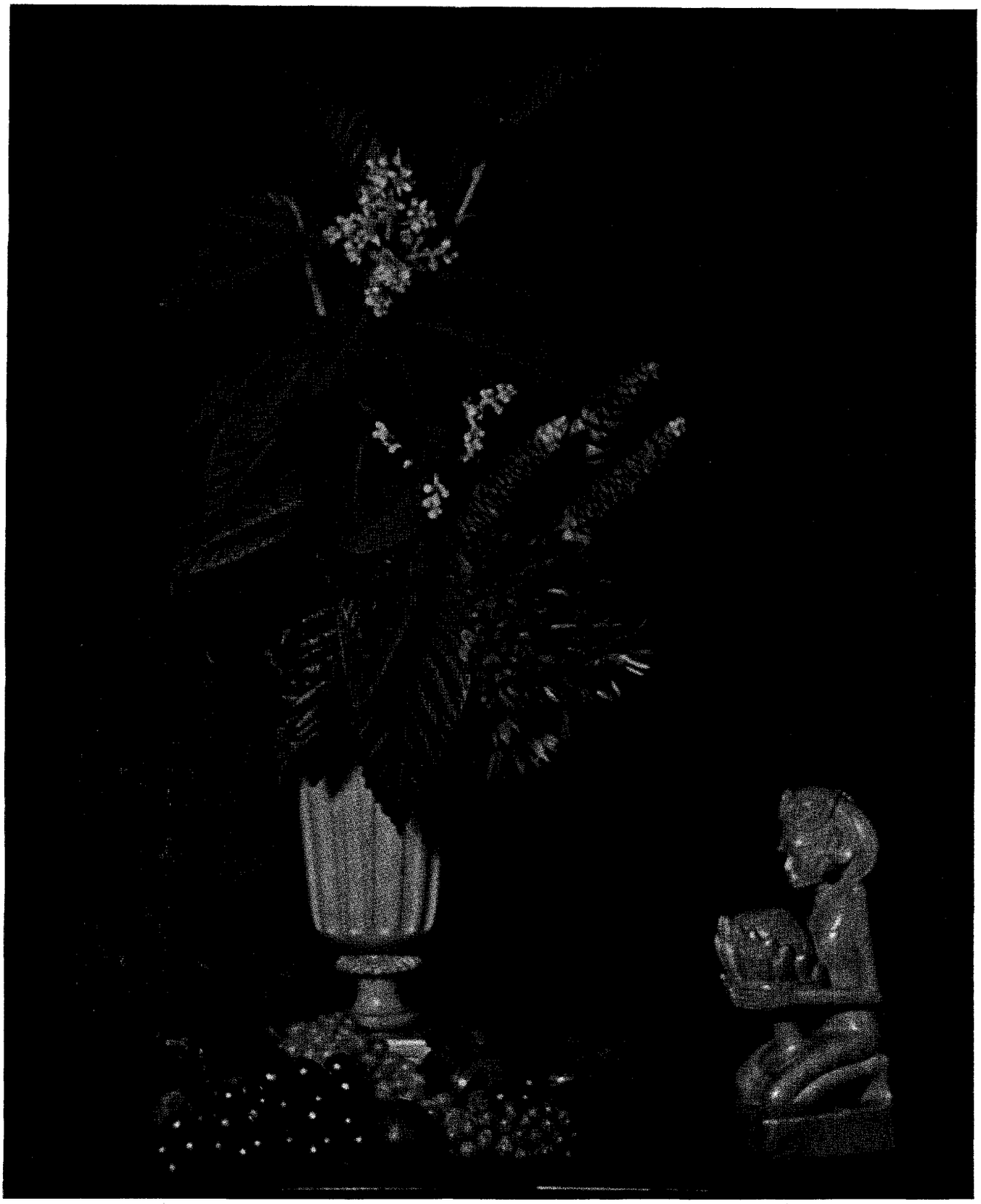

Photographed in Full Color by Powers

Flower arrangement by Mrs. Robert Kearfoot

The FALL FLOWER SHOW will be held at the Pratt Oval, Glen Cove, L. I., from Saturday, November 2nd at 4:00 P.M. through Tuesday, Election Day, November 5th. The Show will be open daily from 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. The proceeds from this flower exhibit will be given to the North Country Community Hospital. The show is being sponsored by the Nassau County Horticultural Society, the Matinecok, Sea Cliff, and North Country Garden Clubs.

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LETTER FROM ENGLAND

AUGUST 18 (BY CABLE)

A COUPLE of mornings ago, the little village in which this is written became a ringside seat for total war. One of the mass air raids that were launched against Britain from dawn to dusk that day was directed at an objective about a dozen miles away from here. This particular raid was close enough to dawn to catch all but the most hard-working members of the community in their beds, from which they were quickly drawn by a racket suggesting that most of the *Luftwaffe* was practicing stunts overhead. The sky, which was cloudy, seemed to have become one vast, roaring airplane engine. Villagers said to each other, "Maybe this is it," meaning, of course, the invasion, and one or two still sleepy souls imagined the din was the clatter of tanks and lorries going along the highroad a couple of miles off.

The raiders were flying high and couldn't be seen, but suddenly there were several loud explosions and a burst of machine-gun fire coming from a distance which the country-trained ears of the listeners estimated with, it turned out later, remarkable accuracy. The village folk hung out of their windows or stood among their bean rows and dahlias looking on with a bland disregard for safety which worried the air-raid wardens, who went around on bicycles begging people to take cover. One lady made a gracious concession to authority by hopping briskly into a pigsty with a corrugated-iron roof, from which she and a startled but amiable white sow observed events companionably together.

Someone armed with binoculars called a warning as the first raider came swooping out of the clouds, a harmless, pretty-looking thing gleaming in its white camouflage. Another plane came and then another, until the sky seemed full of them—Junkers, the knowledgeable said. Still flying high, the raiders went round and round like horses in a circus, only this was a deadly sort of circus—the detonations of more bombs and the rattle of machine-gun fire, even though it sounded as innocuous as a child's popgun at that height, told us that. It was difficult at the start to be sure which were bombers and which, if any, were British fighters, but suddenly one of the Junkers detached itself from the rest and made off, fast and fairly low, toward the north, with black smoke pouring ominously from its tail. Soon another Junker came turning and twisting out of the clouds in what the watchers at first took to be complicated aerial acrobatics but quickly recognized as a crash. After it vanished among the trees, there was a cloud of smoke, a pause, and then a tremendous explosion which shook the panes in cottage windows. Finally, two British fighters circled low, went into a few exultant loops, and made off to look for more trouble. After a bit, the noise grew less, moving away like a storm into the distance.

IT was difficult to believe that the battle wasn't a dream and that this wasn't just another summer morning, in which about the only mechanical sound would be the rattle of reaping machines in the cornfields. A farmhand, turning up at a cottage with the milk, admitted cautiously that he'd "heard something close," but seemed more interested in finding out how much cream the household wanted. Later, a delivery boy bringing news of the outside world reported that the raid hadn't done much damage, most of the bombs having fallen in open country. Several Germans had been brought down in the neighborhood, however. The rector of a nearby village, after seeing nine Germans bailing out over the Common, hurried off to his church and started hauling away at the bells, mindful of the official warning that more than five men bailing out at once might mean parachute troops. The disappointment of the home guard was intense when the rector's fears proved unwarranted.

THIS community has adapted itself placidly to the necessary adjustments of the *Blitzkrieg*. People going to the station to pick up weekend guests are resigned to finding that the train is anything up to an hour late, a mildly annoying everyday hazard of travel which is now accepted as philosophically as a cow on the tracks would be in Ireland. Cottagers are no longer surprised to discover tanks nestling on the village green or a couple of soldiers flat on their stomachs by the pond, apparently training a

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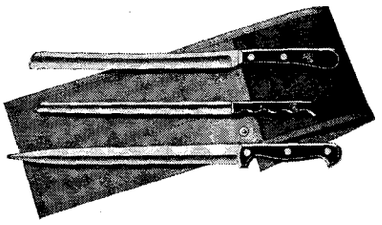

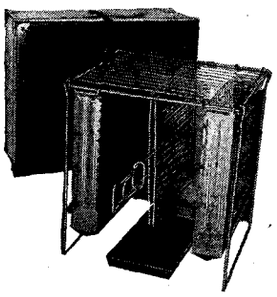

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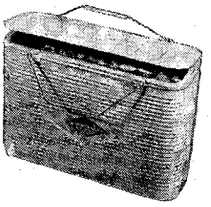

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Lewis gun on the vicarage gate. The sound of men marching no longer brings children running.

What has impressed everybody in this neighborhood more than any such signs of war is the incident of the lady owner of a Tudor house, which is one of the show places here, who arrived home from a short visit the other day to find a party of soldiers engaged in cutting down a group of historic cedars on her front lawn. The officer in charge explained regretfully that it was necessary because the trees were right in his line of fire. The house itself, the slightly dazed owner was told, might have to be pulled down later. To country people, who lose trees as grudgingly as they would a tooth, this drastic step can only mean that the authorities expect their homes to be in the front line of the battle which has already started. To descendants of the tough peasants who centuries ago welcomed successive waves of invaders with boulders, scalding water, and hot pitch, this seems just as it should be.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

SUGGESTION TO SUN BATHERS

Go out to meet the summer rain
And watch it with your eyes,
Falling in strings of silver chain
And long, cool ecstasies.

You'll hear it sliding darkly down
Through leaves as steep as stairs;
And on your lips its taste will drown
The dust of brighter airs.

Accept the rain upon your breast,
And let it slowly run
Along your arms; for here is rest
As vital as the sun.

—Martha Banning Thomas

•

Why It's Called That.—Mosholu Parkway is another of the unexpected (unless you expect them) Indian survivals around town. People who have never given it a thought assume offhand that the name derives from Gregory Q. (or was it Elwood K.?) Moshulu. It doesn't.—*PM, June 23rd.*

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All right, all *right!*

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OF ALL THINGS

WENDELL WILLKIE is running for President on a ticket which he wrote himself. He has no use for Roosevelt and precious little for the G.O.P.

•

The Republican nominee pledges himself to continue the New Deal social services, to build an invincible defence, and to put an end to spending. When he gets time, he will no doubt answer the question "How?"

•

The notification exercises were a great success, but there was strong competition. Some people had a suspicion that what was being done in England was even more important than what was being said in Elwood.

•

By the end of 1941, Knudsen says, we may be sending England 1,300 planes a month. Provided, of course, there are any planes, any England, and any 1941.

•

The President urges students to continue their education until they are needed. Setting a good example, he himself will go back to Electoral College.

•

Crowds cheered while Windsor took the oath of office as Governor of the Bahamas. Another old big-league boy has made good in the minors.

•

If the Communists were smart, they would make a good thing out of the charge that eighteen Hollywood personages are Red. They would advertise their doctrine as the kind the film stars use.

•

The unpleasantness over John Cudahy's alleged indiscretions is happily ended. We are assured that the Ambassador did nothing wrong and will never do it again.

•

A scrubwoman who earns $18 a week at Rockefeller Center has discovered gold in her front yard in Queens. She will ignore the matter, however, and go on digging at the Rockefeller fortune.

•

We are told that the Aluminum Company case is entering upon its last big year. This is the longest trial in American history, but even the lawyers knew that it could not be permanent.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Here's how City Slickers go rural

For A Week-end In The Country, Be Prepared For Hearty Appetites. Take Along Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle And Try These Tasty "Hunches."

(1) When the help's away (or non-existent) plan for lots of stew and Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. The menu above is an excellent formula for keeping guests and householders well-fed and contented. One wise young couple arrive at their week-end shack bringing hot stew in a Thermos jug. A jar of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle provides ever-ready "greens" with fresh garden crispness.

(2) Campfire Hot Steak Buns taste like more—and more. Broil strips of steak. (A corn-popper works fine). Season during broiling with salt, pepper, Heinz Beefsteak Sauce. Place steak inside buttered rolls along with Bermuda onion slices and Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle.

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Your Favorite Stew (Doubled)
Big Dish of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle
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FOR Heinz old-fashioned sliced Cucumber Pickle, Heinz cooks follow a treasured country-kitchen recipe, using pedigreed cucumbers, finest imported spices and Heinz own aged-in-wood vinegar. You'll find the big, fat jar economical and very popular everywhere—in town or in the country!

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Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE KAMPF OF JOE McWILLIAMS

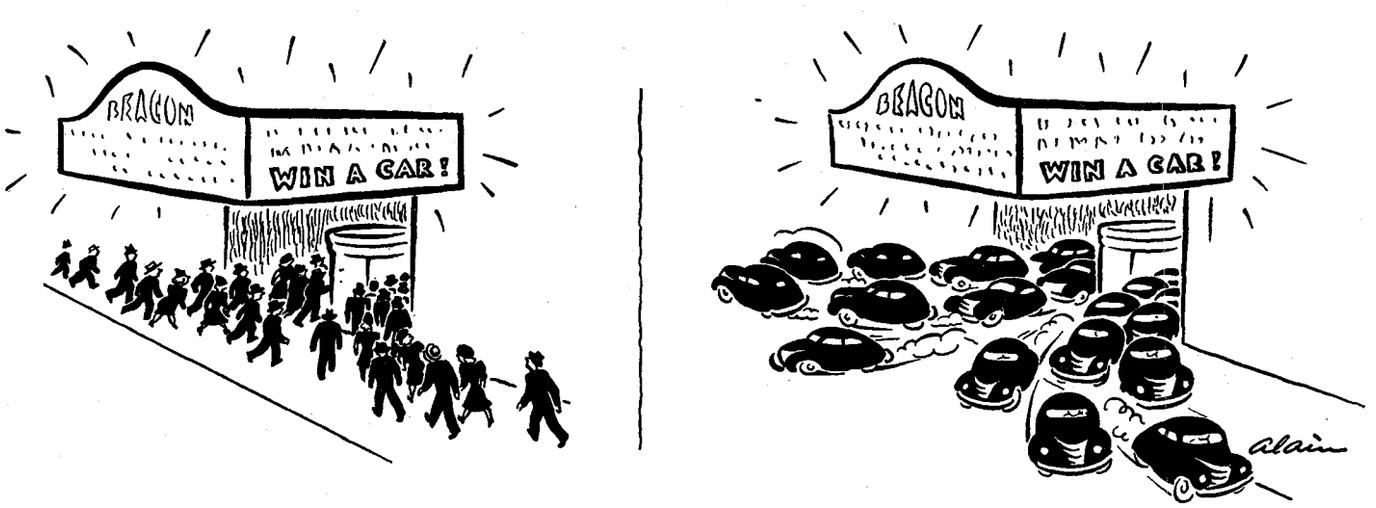
JOSEPH E. McWILLIAMS, candidate of the new American Destiny Party for Representative from the Eighteenth Congressional District, which includes Yorkville, has often been described as the handsomest and meanest-talking man ever to run for a public office in the United States. There is some doubt about this. Paul McNutt is considered by many to possess the ultimate in political physical beauty, and the late Huey Long is still revered for his proficiency in billingsgate. It is not often, however, that these two qualities find such harmonious meeting in one human shell as they do in the person of Joseph E. (for Ellsberry) McWilliams. There was a time when McWilliams was just handsome; it was in 1936 that he took a WPA course in public speaking and made the discovery that he could talk. He has been talking ever since, and is currently trying to talk his way to the throttle of the United States government. Running on an anti-Semitic and dictatorship platform, he appears nightly in a horse-drawn covered wagon (his Party symbol, which stands for the pioneer spirit) on some Yorkville street corner and, surrounded by henchmen, harangues his audiences upon the evils of international Jewry, the menace of Rooseveltism, the necessity of throwing off the shackles of Capital, and the merits of Joe McWilliams.

Ordinarily the McWilliams gatherings go off in good order, a substantial number of police being on hand, but once in a while there is some lay or governmental heckling. McWilliams recently received a lot of attention in the press after the police had broken up one of his meetings on the corner of Eighty-fifth Street and First Avenue. On the night of June 21st, becoming slightly overzealous, he had called Governor Lehman "the Jew Governor" and Mayor LaGuardia "a Jew parading under an Italian name," and had churned up such a sympathetic hubbub among his listeners that both he and his first lieutenant, a man named James Stewart, were handed summonses to appear in a Magistrate's Court to answer charges of disorderly conduct. After being convicted, McWilliams was given his choice of paying a fifty-dollar fine or of spending thirty days in jail and Stewart was given a suspended sentence. That night, McWilliams, taking up his stand once more with a severely martyred expression, announced to his disciples, "I won't pay the fine as a matter of principle, even though hundreds of dollars were offered to me as I left the court." Four days later an attorney for the two convicted men appeared in Yorkville Court and handed over fifty dollars, with the solemn assertion that he would appeal both decisions to the highest court in the land. He has not exercised this privilege to date.

Outside Yorkville the public's reaction to the campaign of the American Destiny Party was at first amusement, tempered by the indignation of vigilantes such as Walter Winchell, who about once a day says something unfriendly regarding McWilliams, whom he calls "Joe McNazi." Lately, however, there have been signs of increasing alarm. Several opposition groups have been organized. Some of them have established offices in Yorkville and send speakers out every night to denounce the un-American activities of the American Destiny Party. The speakers point out that the Party, while still relatively small, is growing rapidly and that Adolf Hitler started with nothing but an old raincoat and a trick mustache.

Political observers have placed the Party's actual membership at about six hundred, and all of them agree that it is gaining. Since, however, the Democrats have always carried the Eighteenth District by majorities of three or four to one, there is not much reason to believe that McWilliams will be elected Representative. The total vote in the district in the last Presidential election was around fifty thousand, of which the largest single racial group was Irish. McWilliams' strength is still mostly among the German population, although he claims that his following is predominantly Irish. Supporters of Martin J. Kennedy, McWilliams' Democratic rival for office, refuse to concede that the opposition of McWilliams is dangerous. Kennedy himself says, "If Joe McWilliams gets a thousand votes, he'll be lucky." McWilliams has said that he expects to poll more than twenty-five thousand votes but doesn't really care whether he is elected or not; what is important to him is that he's being heard and that he is getting the American Destiny movement under way. Nothing, he thinks, can stop it now. A great many more people believe this today than when the Party was organized, as an offshoot of both the German-American Bund and the Christian Front, a little over a year ago.

THE other day I decided to attend one of the McWilliams campaign meetings and, if possible, have a talk with the candidate himself. I telephoned his headquarters, at 1591 Second Avenue (between Eighty-second and Eighty-third Streets), and learned from a woman who answered the phone that the meeting that night was to be at the corner of Eighty-eighth Street and First Avenue, at eight-thirty sharp. The woman I talked to said "sharp" so positively that I managed to arrive on the



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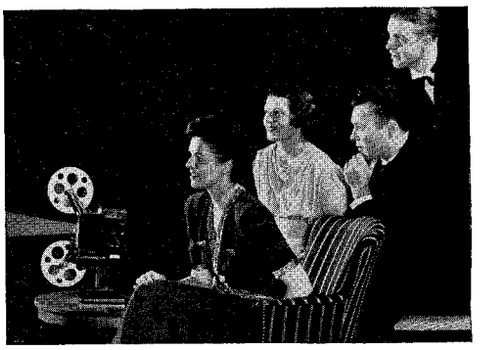

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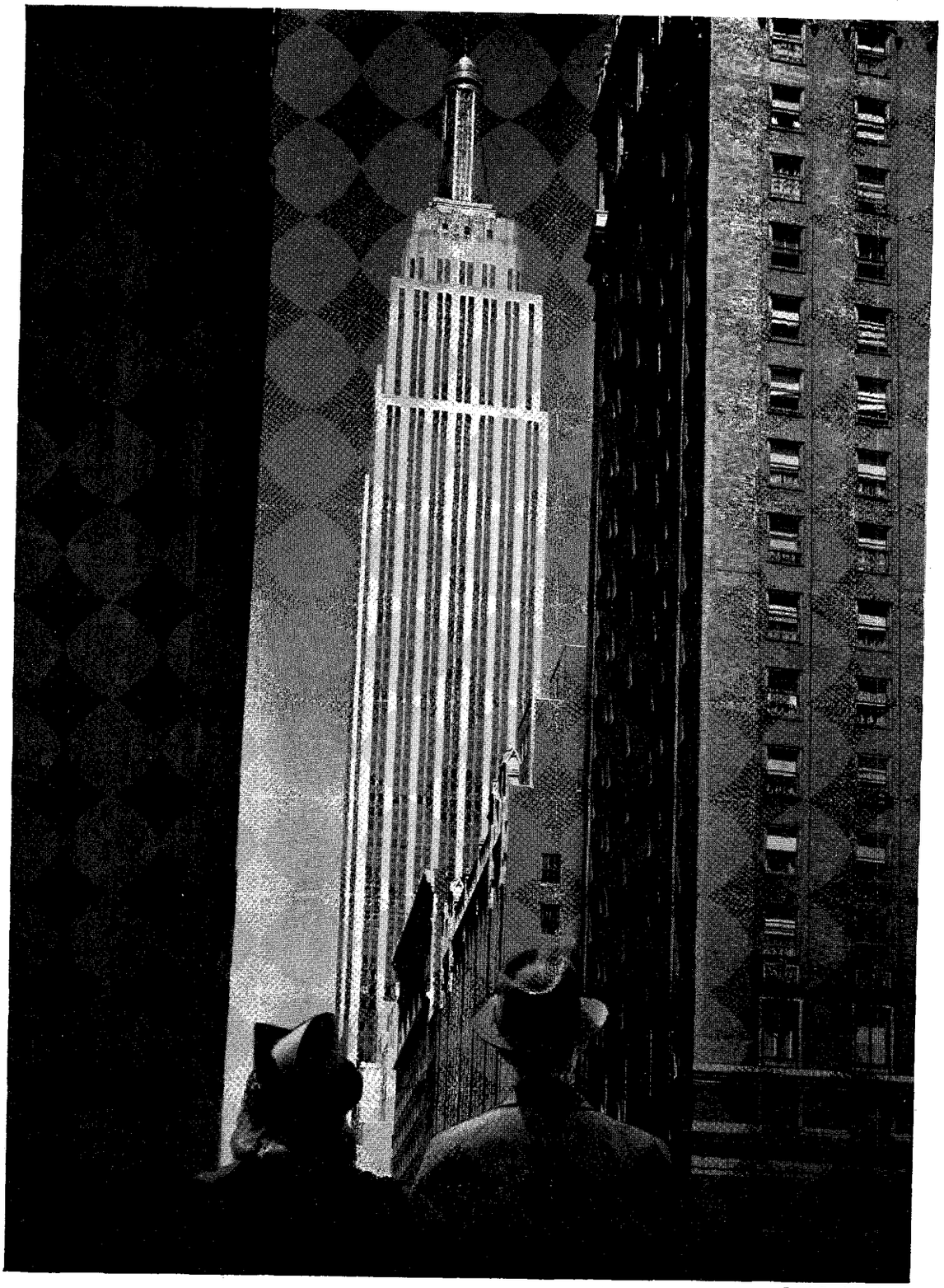

Paul Parker photos

High as the "Empire State"

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scene at eight o'clock, in order not to miss anything. There wasn't much doing at eight o'clock. Thirty or forty youths were loafing around, and a few burghers in their undershirts were walking dogs, mostly dachshunds, up and down the sidewalk. Big, meaty men were gathered in the neighborhood bierstubes, and I overheard a few snatches of loud, argumentative conversation, much of it in German, that included the name "Joe McVilliams." Policemen began to show up shortly before eight-thirty; within a few minutes there were about fifteen of them standing on the four corners. They all looked serious and businesslike. I asked a young patrolman when he thought the meeting would start. He said, "Well, it was set for eight-thirty, but they tell me McWilliams is going to hang back a while and give the crowd a chance to collect." I asked him if he thought there would be any trouble. "We're ready for anything," he said, touching his nightstick.

At eight-forty-three a crowd of small boys came running and yelling up First Avenue; following them was a covered wagon drawn by two white horses. The canvas over the wagon was very white and clean; painted on the sides in black, tarry letters was the announcement "McWilliams and Stewart Will Speak at 88th St. and First Avenue at 8:30 Tonight—American Destiny Party." Two youths of about nineteen were sitting on the wagon seat, one of them driving. They had short haircuts and both were smoking cigars. At the corner of Eighty-eighth Street the driver hauled up on the reins. Then he tied them to the brake and the two boys jumped down. Though both ends of the wagon were curtained, I could see that there was a light inside. "All right," said one of the youths, pushing away a group of children, "stand aside there. Move along." A crowd collected rapidly. People streamed down the sidewalks and out of the nearby buildings and jammed into the street. The police tried unsuccessfully to keep a lane open for automobiles. There were about an equal number of men and women. Most of the men were in shirtsleeves. The women were wearing cheap print dresses and straw hats. The crowd seemed rather typical of the German working class—the men could have been bartenders, factory hands, mechanics, clerks; the women were hausfraus. The older men were talkative and the younger men were quiet and a little grim; some of them looked belligerent, as if they might welcome a scrap. Wandering around among the crowd and listening to conversations, I estimated that roughly eighty per cent of the people were first- or second-generation Germans and that most of the others were Irish. Within twenty minutes after the covered wagon had drawn up, one of the policemen figured, twelve hundred people were crowded around it. There was a fair-sized crowd hanging out of windows, too.

THE first real action of the evening occurred when a short, stout man wearing gold-rimmed glasses started pushing his way through the crowd, crying, "Buy Christian! Stop the Jews!" He had some trouble making headway and he screamed, "Let me through! Make way for a German! Get the damned Jews out of here!" Nothing was interfering with his progress but the denseness of the crowd. Two policemen shouldered their way up and led him off. As they did, several men and women in the vicinity began to chant, as if by prearrangement, "Jew stooges, Jew stooges, Jew stooges." A number of women appeared and began selling, at five cents a copy, some pamphlets entitled "Roosevelt's Jewish Ancestry," by an anonymous author, and others called "The Christian Front," written by the Reverend Edward F. Brophy, pastor of the Precious Blood Church of Long Island City. I bought one of each and stepped over near a light shining in a Chinaman's basement laundry to examine them. The burden of the first pamphlet's message was that President Roosevelt has a number of Jewish ancestors, and contained, in capital letters, the statement that "HE IS NOT ONE OF US!" The booklet by Father Brophy combined a diatribe against the Jews and a eulogy of Father Coughlin.

Shortly afterward there was a stir in the covered wagon. The light inside flickered, the back curtain was slowly lifted, and a man stepped out onto a small platform at the rear of the wagon. He was tall and auburn-haired and wore a dark suit. His hair, parted in the middle, fell in waves over the sides of his head. He held a lantern in one hand. As the noise of the crowd dwindled to a hush, he set the lantern down, clasped his hands behind his back, and assumed a benevolent look. "For the benefit of the hard of hearing," he began in a resounding voice, "for the *Eskimos*, and for the Democratic *stooges*, this is a political meeting." Everybody laughed when he said "Eskimos." I asked a woman next to me what he meant by Eskimos. "Hah!"

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she said impishly. "That's our word for Jews. The dirty Mayor and his police stooges won't let our leaders use the word 'Jews.'" She told me that the speaker was Louis Helmond, a printer and the Party secretary. Helmond held the lantern up to his face, presumably so the crowd could see that he had taken on an ugly expression, and he continued, spacing out his words, "I want to warn that fellow that comes here to heckle every night that the police have been ordered to throw out *all* hecklers. *We know our rights!*" An uproar of some kind broke out across the street and several policemen rushed over and led two men away from the crowd. I couldn't find out what had happened. A police lieutenant, I noticed, was standing near the wagon, beside a male stenographer who appeared to be taking down Helmond's speech in a notebook. Helmond talked about unemployment and kept referring, sarcastically, to "our great President Roosevelt," which prompted the crowd to boo and hiss every time he did it. Once, as Helmond was talking about the Eskimos, a man began crying out, "Kill all the Jews! Let's kill them all!" The people nearby made him keep quiet; I heard one man say angrily, "You will only defeat the Party's purpose. The police stooges will break up the meeting."

After Helmond had finished talking, a slight young man appeared on the wagon platform and talked rapidly about how United States gold was "flowing into the hands of international bankers." The woman next to me identified him as Henry Curtis, publisher of the Destiny Party organ, *Curtis' Weekly American Bulletin*. Curtis became so excited by what he was saying that he hopped up and down like an enraged child. It was too hot a night, however, to keep that up long, so he calmed down and mopped his face and neck with a handkerchief. He then explained to the crowd that in a few weeks workers of the Party would come to their houses to get signatures on petitions to have the Destiny Party and McWilliams placed on the ballot in November. "Write down your names *only* if you are citizens," he said. "Don't mess this thing up. We've *got* to send Joe McWilliams to Washington!" As an afterthought, he added, "We don't want any *Eskimo* signatures." The crowd laughed, and he looked pleased with himself.

The next speaker was James Stewart, the first lieutenant. He came out of the wagon and just stood on the platform shaking silently with some secret mirth for two or three minutes. This dramatic device, with which the crowd seemed familiar, had a wonderful effect. Everyone beamed, and finally the crowd cheered. A man near me said, "That Stewart's a *man*, by God! He'll show 'em!" Stewart first of all reported that he'd been kicked out of the Washington Heights Parent-Teacher Association on account of his recent trial. "The letter informing me," he said, jiggling up and down with his hands on his hips, "was signed by a person having a *certain kind of a physiognomy!*" The crowd breathed a shocked "Oh-h-h!" "I've been kicked out," resumed Stewart, jiggling harder, "me with two sons in school, and a wounded World War veteran in the great United States Marines, *by—Eskimo—forces!*" The people shook their heads and murmured to one another. "*Mein Gott*," said the woman next to me, "this is terrible!"

HELMOND came out again and announced that workers were going to circulate through the crowd and sell pictures of McWilliams, at five cents a throw. The pictures sold fine; people all around me bought several each. They were still buying them when there was another stir inside the covered wagon and another flickering of the light, and a conspicuously handsome, black-haired young man in a white linen suit walked out onto the platform. He squared his broad shoulders, drew himself up, and in mock seriousness began, "Ladees and gentlemen." Then he relaxed and showed a beautiful set of teeth in a warming, informal smile. "Well, good evening," he said. The women giggled and the men grinned; then there was wild and prolonged cheering. My lady informant touched me on the arm. "That's McWilliams," she said.

McWilliams started his talk in a subdued, casual tone and then built up each point in a crescendo—a technique similar to Hitler's. "I first want to report on an incident last night at the meeting at Sixty-sixth and Second Avenue," he said. "An incident took place there that was indescribable in its outlawry. The police took from our wagon a speaker who was harming nobody and *took him to jail and he's in jail right now!*" The crowd roared with anger. "*Wait! Wait!*" cried McWilliams, throwing up his hands in a pacifying gesture. "You haven't heard the worst. That man, that man was a *full-blooded, thoroughbred American Indian. Practically the very living symbol of our pioneer Party!*" I thought for a minute that the audience was going to swarm into action against the police, but McWilliams threw up his hands again, and continued, "Don't worry! Don't worry for a second. These outlaw elements are going to get theirs, and they're going to get it a hell of a lot sooner than they think!" He turned abruptly to peer inside the wagon. "Give me a Coke," he said. He turned back to grin at the crowd and said, "I'm a Texas cowhand that's got a thirst." The tension in the crowd relaxed. The people laughed loudly and a few of the men pounded each other on the back. Two or three yelled, "Hooray for Joe McWilliams!"

One of the young assistants handed McWilliams a Coke, which he drank while he jerked off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt collar with one hand. Near me two young women were pushing their way into the crowd. I heard one of them say, "That's what I mean, Hilda. That's the way he looks the cutest." Hilda stood on her tiptoes and giggled. "When I say outlaw elements," roared McWilliams, "I mean the Eskimos and the Mayor of New York and his gold-badge stooges—yes, and that stooge down there taking notes for the gold badges. Let them take notes. I don't give a *damn* for the Mayor of New York. To *hell* with the Mayor of New York and to *hell* with his gold-badge police stooges! They can all go plumb to hell. They're all filthy liars. You people stick by me. We're going to control the police force, and the *Christians* are going to run the country!" The crowd broke into ecstatic cheering, which quieted down as McWilliams shouted, "I've never seen the color of a man's eyes that I'm afraid of!" Just then, from somewhere in front of the wagon, a man said calmly, "Well, you're looking into a pair right now!" People began yelling, "Throw him out! Throw that Hebe stooge out of here!" I heard a scuffle. Jumping up, I got a glimpse of a large young man with an amused expression being led away from the meeting by two policemen. By questioning a police lieutenant afterward, I learned that the young man was Harry Dalton, a West Point graduate who has organized a group known as the New York Council for the Preservation of American Traditions. Dalton turns up at all McWilliams' meetings, heckles the speakers, and offers not only to fight McWilliams but also to fight his bodyguard at the same time. In addition, he makes speeches in Yorkville against the American Destiny Party, denouncing McWilliams and calling Nazi sympathizers

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"yellow bums too yellow to fight." Dalton is six feet tall and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Nobody in Yorkville has shown any interest in fighting him.

McWilliams looked unhappy at the interruption; he even looked a trifle shaken. He carried on with his speech, however, pleading with the crowd to send him to Congress so that the movement could make faster progress. He ridiculed the Jews with elaborate epithets, blamed most of the world's ills on the international bankers, aimed a good deal of malediction at persons who are sympathetic to the English cause, and finished his address, with his arms outstretched to the sky, screaming, "I am your fighter! I am your champion!"

The meeting broke up. Some of the people started home while others gathered in little groups and talked things over. A good many dropped into the bierstubes for a glass of beer. I went up to McWilliams and arranged to call on him at his headquarters the next day for an interview.

I ARRIVED at the headquarters, which consists of two small rooms above the Franziskaner Restaurant, on Second Avenue, at two o'clock. McWilliams was waiting for me, seated at a desk, his hands behind his head and a faraway expression on his face. He was not alone. Three bulky men in double-breasted suits were standing around and two young women were busy over what looked like accounts. McWilliams rose and shook hands. He was wearing a well-made blue suit (single-breasted) and a polka-dot tie, the collar of his white shirt was starched, and he wore blue-green cuff links which matched his eyes. He suggested we go downstairs to the restaurant, where, over a beer, he would tell me the story of his covered-wagon putsch.

We went down and found a quiet table. As McWilliams talked, he frequently threw back his black, curly hair with a sort of roguish carelessness, and his hands, well shaped and manicured, traced delicate patterns in the air. He talked a good deal.

He was born, he said, in 1904, on the Cheyenne Reservation in Oklahoma, of old Irish and Cherokee stock. When he was six weeks old, his parents piled into a covered wagon and moved to the Texas Panhandle. His father was a farmer. Young Joseph attended a number of Texas schools. He was expelled from one high school for calling Woodrow Wilson a traitor. Soon after that he accompanied a herd of cattle to

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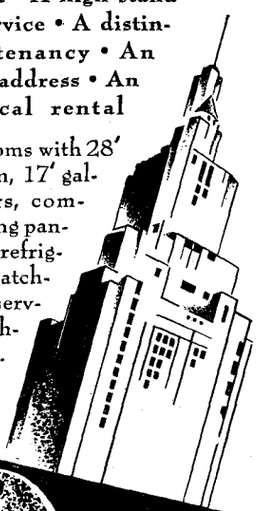

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Los Angeles, where he stayed for several years, working at odd jobs. Toward the end of his stay, a slight talent for invention burgeoned, and he turned out a pair of "giant grip" pliers, which, according to him, have an "offset eccentric pivot and grip the nut." He sold the patent on his pliers for a large sum of money and struck out for the East. In the next few years he worked for a tool company in Irvington, New Jersey, and for another tool company in upstate New York. Finally he started in business for himself. He went broke almost immediately, then invented a revolutionary safety-razor blade which, he says, a razor company bought up in order to keep it off the market. Spurred on by this success, he invented an umbrella in the handle of which was secreted a pair of rubbers. This created no sensation whatever, and McWilliams was soon broke again. In the early nineteen-thirties he took to reading books. He was down with rheumatism and had nothing better to do.

It was in these books that McWilliams discovered that a number of disharmonious social and economic forces are at work in the world. He was amazed, and greatly interested. For several years he continued his reading and, moving from one factory job to another, studied labor conditions. He talked with workingmen and he talked with moneyed men, and he hardly knew which way to turn. In this baffling period of his life he became aware that a number of political movements were afoot, some of them with a view to untangling social and economic problems. McWilliams began going to political meetings. At first, he says, he became "tremendously interested" in Communism. Then he had a go at Socialism. Before long he was studying the German-American Bund. Finally he got interested in Father Coughlin and in the Christian Front. He was not entirely satisfied with any of these groups; they left him with a sort of itch. Soon he found out one of the reasons: he was doing too much listening and not enough talking. He quickly enrolled in a WPA public-speaking course and began to talk for all he was worth. Then, during the Spanish Civil War, a tragedy occurred which enabled him to crystallize his nebulous ideas. A close friend of his was killed while fighting on the side of the Loyalists. McWilliams pondered this; he looked at it from all angles; and he decided that his friend's death had been caused by the Jews.

From that day on, McWilliams saw his course clearly. About a year ago he

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organized a group called the Christian Mobilizers. He considered the views of the Christian Front too wishy-washy to be of any account, so he struck out on his own, he says, to "invent a better America" by means of a "nationalist organization like Germany's." A few months ago he changed the name of his group to the American Destiny Party because he thought it would be more effective in his political campaign. McWilliams is married; he has no children. He lives at 153 East Eighty-ninth Street. "My campaign," he says, "is financed entirely by the nickels and dimes of my followers. I am a free agent, not tied up with any group, domestic or foreign, except my own Party. I am now living by borrowing from my friends."

I ASKED McWilliams to sum up for me his beliefs and plans, and he made the following statements:

"Adolf Hitler is the greatest leader in the history of the world."

"Herbert Hoover is mentally deficient and Roosevelt is an amateur Englishman, a Jew, and the leader of the Fifth Column in this country."

"America suffers from effeminacy; it is time to get strong."

"I intend to get a huge following and run the government like a factory, appointing all the key men. I may not be President but I will have *absolute* control."

"The Jews are in control and demand complete intellectual subserviency. To combat this, I would ship all the Jews to some place such as Madagascar."

"As far as violence is concerned in my methods, I will only say that *I must have control.*"

"I look on every newspaperman as a prostitute. I have a blacklist of the worst ones and *they will be taken care of.* The newspapers and magazines will be run with a firm hand. We'll make a *real* free press."

"Once in power, I will down all dissident opinion."

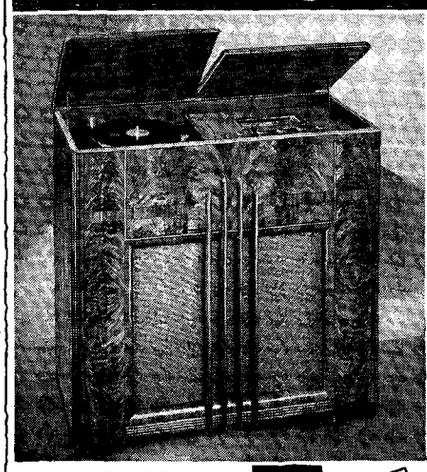
THESE things may not come to pass, you understand, but they are the platform of Joseph Ellsberry McWilliams, candidate for Representative from the Eighteenth Congressional District of New York, in the United States of America.—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

After a year abroad, he moved to New York City, and there wrote "I Live in Virginia."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Well, these are confused times.

Stromberg-Carlson--OUT IN FRONT with



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SUMMER THEATRE

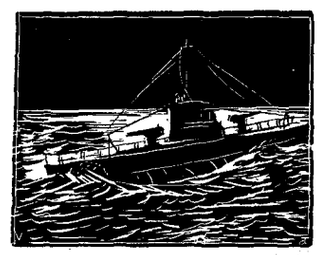
IT was hot. Now and then a breath of wind from the northeast would come in across the fields, heavy with the mixed smell of hay, heat, grease paint, and camphor from the rented costumes in the wardrobe shed. Sonia Giradeux and Miss Cabot, who was in charge of speech, stood in the centre of the outdoor stage in the glare of colored light. The cast were ranged behind them, tired and bored. "But dance is only one aspect," Miss Cabot was saying in her deep voice. "Dance is only one aspect of this performance and I feel that rehearsal time should be divided equally among the departments."

Sonia turned to Dr. Shouisky, the director. "This is the third time tonight that I've been interrupted," she said. "If it happens again, I'll scream. Will you either give the stage to Miss Cabot or to me?"

"Let Sonia go ahead," Dr. Shouisky said.

"Very well." Miss Cabot returned to the group of deck chairs just beyond the sphere of intense light where Dr. Shouisky and his staff had been watching the rehearsal.

Sonia was drilling the cast in the dances for the last act. Sweat was ruining their makeup and some of their costumes were stained. Sonia stood with her back to the staff, half in the dark, half in the light. "One-two-three," she was shouting, "two-two-three, three-two-three, now a one-two-three . . ." She beat time by clapping her hands together. "Oh God, it's terrible!" she cried hoarsely. "Stop, everybody. Stop, stop, stop!" The cast stood stupidly, blinking in the spotlights.



"There's not much sense in my calling you down again," Sonia said. Between her sentences they could hear the waves breaking on the lake shore. "But I would like to say that in all of my experience I have never, never seen a more disinterested crowd. This is not a summer hotel. This is not a summer camp. This is a summer theatre and on Monday this play is going on before a public. Now we'll try it again. I'm serious. I've worked hard over this for four weeks and I'm not going to stand by and see it butchered. Stop giggling, Betty," she said to one of the girls. "If you can't control yourself, you may as well leave. Now we'll go through it again. Take your places. Take your places. The music, please. One-two-three," she cried, clapping her hands together, "two-two-three . . ."

When the dance was over, Sonia walked off into the dark and sat down beside the pianist. "Hold your places," she said. "You can rest for a minute. It was terrible. We'll stay here all night if we have to. It's got to be better than this."

In the north, beyond the mountains, lightning played on the clouds. The beat of the waves quickened as the wind came up.

"It's lovely, Miss Giradeux," Miss Cabot said nervously. She rose part way in her deck chair, one shoulder before the other. She was a tall, bony, athletic woman with the wan and mobile features of an old actress. "It's really lovely. Or at least we feel that, sitting out here. But aren't you perhaps a little too absorbed in it? Aren't you perhaps a little too critical? It's really lovely."

"Thank you," Sonia said. She returned to the stage and clapped her hands. "Take your places!" she shouted. "We're going to go over it again."

Languidly the cast gathered up their heavy robes.

"Please," Miss Cabot called, getting up from her chair. "Please. Before you begin again."

Sonia sighed. Miss Cabot walked onto the stage. She seemed to find some great relaxation and familiarity once she was on the stage. "Just one minute before you continue," she said. "Now, I know you want to perfect this dance. But mustn't we consider that this is a play and that there are other aspects of the performance? It's nearly ten o'clock and a storm is coming up. I'm sure Dr. Shouisky wants to run through the second act and I'm not quite satisfied with the speeches. I wonder if, before you start dancing again, you'd let me run over the lines?"

Sonia measured Miss Cabot with hatred. "This makes the fourth time you've interrupted me," she said, "and I'm not going to stand it much longer." Her breathing was heavy.

"Now, in Salzburg—" Miss Cabot said.

"This is not Salzburg," Sonia said.

"In Berlin," Miss Cabot said, "when 'The Miracle' was in rehearsal, I remember that equal time was given to the pageantry and the poetry, so to speak. Now, I'm not saying that your little ballet is unimportant. But what good is a ballet, my dear, when the cast all mumble their lines? I'm not saying your ballet is unimportant, but I feel that you're too critical."

"I don't care what you feel," Sonia said.

"Come now," Miss Cabot said, "we've got to be coöperative."

"Oh God, doesn't anyone understand me?" Sonia cried. "I'm just trying to get a little time to rehearse the cast and every time I start to make progress you come in and tell me about what they did in Salzburg and Berlin. I just want a little time to rehearse the cast. No one else around here seems to know what a professional performance means. And who are you?" she said, turning to Miss Cabot. "Who in hell are you? Who says you can boss me around? You and your damned vowel exercises! I've put up with a lot in my experience, but I've never had to put up with anything like this. And I'm not going to much longer."

The pianist put his arm around Sonia. "Quiet down, kid," he said softly.

"If my presence is so distasteful to you," Miss Cabot said, "I'll leave."

"Leave?" Sonia screamed. "Leave?" She twisted out of the pianist's arms. "And where in hell would you go if you left? Back to a furnished room! Back to teaching in settlement houses!"

"My experience has not been restricted to teaching in settlement houses," Miss Cabot said. "I played 'The Miracle' in nearly every European capital. In 1925 a million copies of my photograph were sold in Germany. Stanislavsky said—"

"I don't give a god-damn what Stanislavsky said," Sonia cried. "Get out! Get out, you old has-been! If I have to listen to that voice of yours any more, I'll go crazy." She walked off the stage and threw herself into one of the deck chairs.

For a long time no one spoke. They noticed the wind. The lightning was brighter and more frequent. It lighted the empty bleachers, the fields, the lake, the group of deck chairs. Finally Dr. Shouisky spoke. "This is all very unfortunate," he said. "This is all very unfortunate. Miss Cabot?"

There was no answer.

"Miss Cabot, please."

"She's gone off," someone said.

"The rehearsal must go on," Dr. Shouisky said.

"All right," Sonia said. She returned

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to the stage. "Take your places," she said wearily. "We'll go over it again. The music, please. Are you ready? One-two-three, two-two-three, three-two-three . . ."

THEY were halfway through the dance when one of the girls in the first act came running onto the stage. She was dressed as a lady of Venice and she ran with difficulty in her heavy costume. Her makeup was smeared with tears. "Oh, Miss Giradeux!" she cried. "Oh, Dr. Shouisky!"

"What's the matter, child?" Dr. Shouisky said.

"Miss Cabot," she stammered. She was crying and wringing her hands. "Miss Cabot. I think she's drowned herself. I saw her dive off the pier. She's been gone nearly ten minutes. I've been calling her, but she doesn't answer. Her bathrobe's still on the pier, but I can't see her anywhere. I'm afraid she's drowned herself. She was crying."

The stage emptied. The company ran to the pier, dragging their robes in the sand. Three of the men took off their clothes and dived into the lake. The electrician stood at the edge of the pier calling through his cupped hands, "Miss Cabot, Miss Cabot, Miss Cabot!"

"Oh, God forgive me!" Sonia cried. She lay on the beach, sobbing. "Oh, God forgive me! Oh, God forgive me!"

"Is she out there?" called one of the swimmers.

"I can't see her."

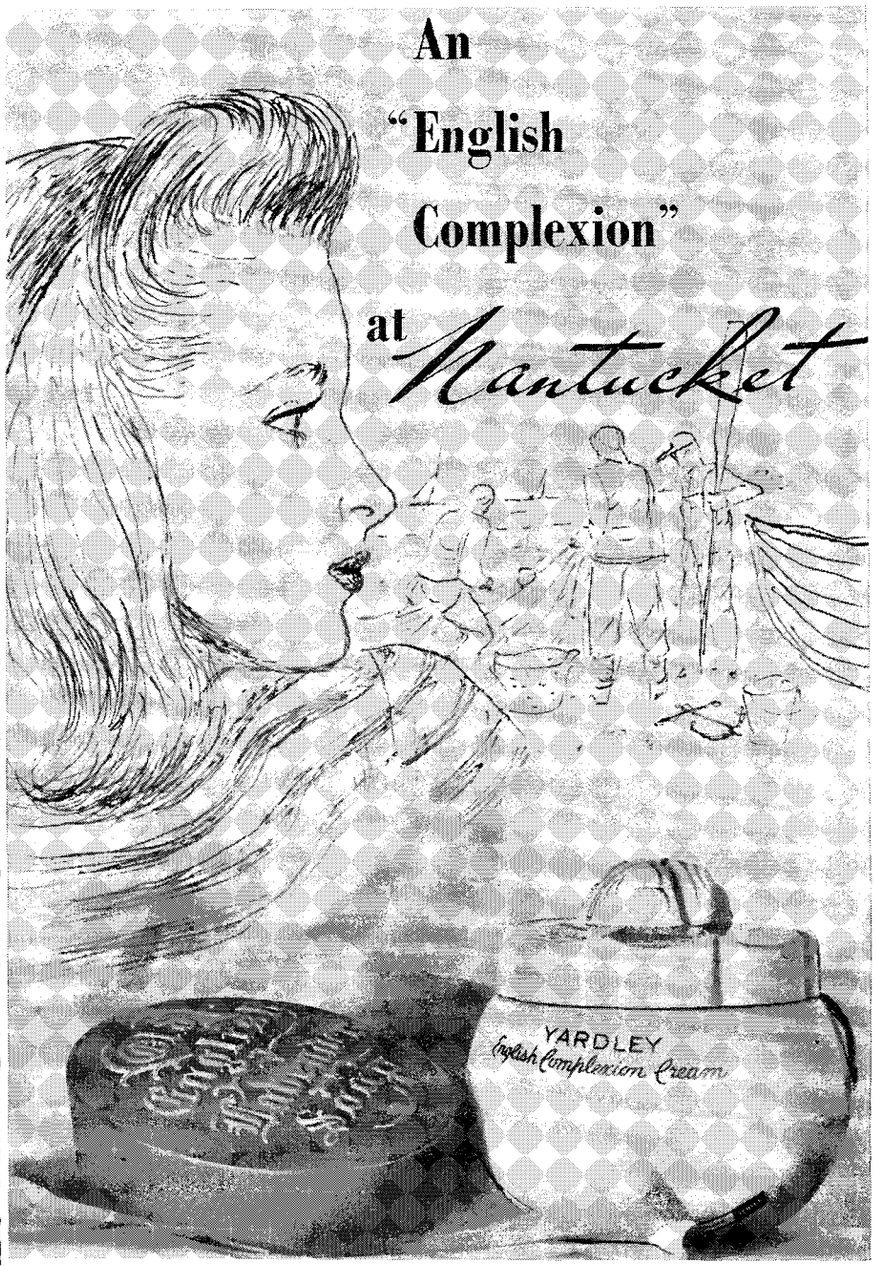
"I can't see her here."

The water amplified their voices.

"It's too dark to see anything."

"I can't see anything out here."

The cast stood at the end of the pier, huddled under the one unshaded elec-



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Can't abide domestic things!
Baseball? Loathes the whole shebang.
(See his Bushman's boomerang?)

Apple pie? Go roll a hoop!
He likes Chinese bird's-nest soup.
Rum? Domestic? Come . . . relax!
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PILGRIM RUM

tric-light bulb. Some of the girls were crying. One by one the swimmers returned and boosted themselves onto the pier and sat there tiredly, staring off into the lake.

Then the electrician saw something moving on the water. At first he saw a white bathing cap in the trough of a wave. Then he saw Miss Cabot's arms swinging in an easy and vigorous crawl.

"Miss Cabot! Miss Cabot! Is that you?"

She stopped swimming and rolled onto her back. Then she saw them all. She waved to them. "Mercy," she called, "you all look like something out of Dante standing there in the wind with those costumes on."

"We thought you were drowned," the electrician said. "We thought you were drowned."

"What?" she said. "What? I can't hear a thing with this bathing cap on. I wish I had my camera to take a picture of you all standing there in that light. Isn't that silly of me? As if I could take a picture while I'm swimming." She lowered her face into the water and swam slowly to the pier. She climbed the ladder, the water pouring off her suit. She was too absorbed in her own pleasure to notice how they stared. "I'd advise you all to go in. There's really nothing like a dip before a storm. I don't know what it is. I suppose it's the wind stirring up the water. I suppose that makes the water more refreshing." —JOHN CHEEVER

•

Your family, to fit the National Resources Committee's pattern, must, first of all, then, be average. And what is an average family? It happens to be a group of 3,944 persons. Anyone know of such a family?—*Baltimore Sun.*

Can't say we do.

•

Further substantiating the belief that a bogey and a par are one and the same is the fact that none of the scorecards of many years ago mentioned par. For that matter, bogey was not noted either.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Anybody else any beliefs he would like substantiated?

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Time*]

First steps taken, Candidate Willkie dusted his hands and got ready to leave for a breather in Colorado. It would not be an old-fashioned, back-of-a-train, speech-making junket. The G.O.P.'s streamlined candidate planned to go as the crow flies, by airplane.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stadium Concerts: 1940

THIS season of Stadium Concerts, which wound up last week, included in its novelties a soloist who played Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto and imitated Rudy Vallée on the same program—successfully, too. The soloist, of course, was Alec Templeton, who broke all versatility records at the Stadium because, in addition to his adventures in concerto-playing and mimicry, he improvised brilliantly, played Chopin and Debussy with charm, demonstrated a series of his own compositions, and took Italian opera for a ride. I was hoping that Mr. Templeton would acquaint the more solemn Stadium patrons with his homemade Wagnerian music drama, but it may have been just as well that he didn't get around to it. Some of the customers might have been injured rolling in the stone aisles of the stands.

Perhaps there were visitors who had heard of Mr. Templeton as a top-flight musical droll and who wondered why he was scheduled to play the Rachmaninoff concerto. They may have been surprised to hear the concerto performed with unusual lyric feeling and a rhythmic security that must have been of great assistance to the conductor, Alexander Smallens, who had the difficult task of directing an ensemble work for a soloist who could not see his beat. It wasn't a "big" version of the concerto, but it was one that would have been a credit to any pianist—and this is reported entirely on the merits of Mr. Templeton's playing, with no allowance for his blindness.

Somehow, it seemed to be a singularly cheerful evening, for the soloist demonstrated that entertainment and music aren't antitheses. Lots of concerts tend to prove the reverse of that proposition.

WHEN one mentions versatility records, one shouldn't overlook the achievements of Mr. Smallens, who had charge of eighteen of the concerts. In addition to directing programs patterned on the conventional symphony-concert formulae, Mr. Smallens conducted six ballet performances, two showings of "Carmen," and most of the annual Gershwin evening. Considering the time limitations for rehearsals, Mr. Smallens obtained striking results. If the technical side of orchestral direction happens to interest you, concentrate some time on Mr. Smallens' platform methods. They aren't showy or especially unorthodox, but they're the doings of a conductor who knows his business all the way.

TREND-CHASERS may have found something to think about in a comparison of the attendance on celebrity and regulation evenings. Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, Mme. Lily Pons, Miss Marian Anderson, and other eminences drew handsome turnouts, while many programs of purely orchestral music created no problems for the ushers. I can remember when similar straight symphonic bills at the Stadium seemed more important—and not because the performances in those years were spectacularly different from this season's.

What has happened in the past fifteen years or so is that the standard orchestral compositions have been put on tap in excellent recorded performances, as well as on many radio broadcasts, and that a playing of, say, Beethoven's seventh symphony at the Stadium no longer is a somewhat unusual opportunity for a music-lover to hear the work. On the other hand, one doesn't often have the chance of seeing the great names of music in action for the modest admission prices that the Stadium charges. These considerations may mean that something should be done or undone, but that's for the capable and energetic Stadium management to handle. The solution may not be as easy as trend-chasing, though.

FOR the first time in Stadium history, there was a visiting orchestra—the All-American Youth Orchestra, organized and conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Uncertain weather on one night and even worse weather on the next may have discouraged potential listeners, but this remarkable group will be around town again on the seventeenth of next month. The weather won't matter then. They'll be playing in Carnegie Hall.—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

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THE RACE TRACK

Farewell to Bimelech

THE disappointment of the week at Saratoga wasn't the defeat of Level Best in the Spinaway; it was the absence of Bimelech from the Travers. For once, it had seemed as though Bimelech wouldn't be at a disadvantage: the track was fast, he'd trained well, and was going to be ridden by Meade. But bad luck will find a way. On Saturday morning, a few hours before the race, Bimelech had an easy gallop of half a mile, merely to limber him up, and he went lame. Veterinarians were called in and discovered that a small bone in one of his feet was broken. Watchers surmised that he had probably stepped on a stone during his morning workout, but his owner, Ed Bradley, said he thought the colt had been hurt during the running of the Classic Stakes, at Arlington Park, in which Bimelech was beaten so badly by Sirocco.

Whatever happened, and whenever it did, Bimelech is done with racing for the season, and perhaps for good and all. (Incidentally, Sirocco cracked a cannon bone in the American Derby, at Washington Park, and also is out of training.) Remembering Bimelech's victories in the Preakness and Belmont, I still have him down as the best of his age in my book, but that's not exactly singing and dancing in the streets about him.

If you didn't happen to mind that touch of uncertainty most of the three-year-olds have been lending to almost every race they've run in, the Travers was a good show. Fenelon, who won it and a purse of $17,425, finished more stoutly than he did in the Kenner, although the distance was half a furlong greater. Your Chance lost even more ground by swerving in the stretch than he did when he beat Fenelon in the Kenner. Until something else comes along, Fenelon is going to have as enthusiastic a cheering section as Bimelech, Gallahadion, Sirocco, and Mioland have had, one after another, this season.

YOU wouldn't believe it possible that Level Best, who polished off colts so easily in the Saratoga Sales Stakes, could do so badly as she did in the Spinaway. Maybe the Sales Stakes was the beginning of her undoing, and an unusually fast workout on a muddy track possibly finished the job. At any rate, after running half a mile with Grail in the Spinaway, she tired and Nasca came along to win galloping. Nasca, who, you may remember, won the Schuylerville Stakes, is a sturdier filly than Level Best. Another filly I fancy is Big Event, a half-sister to Black Helen and Bimelech. Ed Bradley gave her that name because the birth of an animal with two such blood relatives was a big event at his Idle Hour Farm—and would be at any other farm, for that matter.

Speaking of names, some added starters for my Radio Announcers' Handicap are Haut Mond (the "Mond" part is without a final "e," possibly because the colt is by Pharamond II), Grano Saltis, and Taj Bibi.

Progress in the improvement of the breed of jumpers: Pete Bostwick's Cottesmore was the only steeplechase favorite last week who managed to get himself successfully over the fence where practically every odds-on choice seems to fall. Having done this, Cottesmore went on to win the North American Steeplechase, beating Farndale, Bachelor Philip, and three other horses very easily.

BUYERS of yearlings have been on a small spending spree. Even before the last week of the sales began, more than $1,000,000 had been paid for colts and fillies who won't race until next year. The total isn't quite as great as it was at the same time last year, but it's decidedly higher than breeders expected it would be. If you are interested in vital statistics, Mrs. Ethel Mars is due to be Miss Saratoga Sales again, having already bought ten head for $69,400. Mrs. Dodge Sloane, as this is written, has paid the highest price for a horse—$18,000, for a colt by Sickle out of Friendly Gal, and has spent $19,700 more for four other animals. The other evening, Mrs. H. L. Lunger gave $16,000 for a handsome colt by Hyperion, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis got a colt by Blenheim II for $12,500. Even breeders can't resist buying, sometimes. William Woodward, who sold fifteen youngsters for $28,300, paid out $10,100 of it for a colt by Sir Gallahad III.

For some reason, the market hasn't been affected by the importation of Eng-

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lish and French stock, which has been coming over in droves. Even if it had been, our handicap races have such small fields that a good case might be made out for bringing over all the first-class horses we can get. For example, there were only three runners for the Champlain, in which Masked General, to the surprise of everybody, beat Sickle T., and the outlook for the Merchants' and Citizens' on Saturday isn't encouraging, even though the event's worth $7,500. Neither Eight Thirty, who'll have an easier time in the Whitney Stakes three days later, nor Challedon, who's training for the Saratoga Cup on the last day of the meeting, will run in the Merchants' and Citizens', so Masked General and Sickle T. may fight it out again.

I expect the most interesting race this weekend will be the Grand Union Hotel Stakes. Although Whirlaway will probably be reserved for the Hopeful, a lot of good two-year-olds will be in it. My choice is Attention, if he runs.

LAGNIAPPE: The portable radios broadcasting Willkie's speech drowning out the loudspeaker announcements. . . . Jock Whitney riding to the morning gallops on Easter Hero, who last ran in the Grand National nine years ago. . . . Catchpoles from Albany shadowing former bookmakers—out, according to the former bookmakers, on a busman's holiday. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE GRACEFUL BASTION

A white butterfly
in an August garden,
light as it may seem

among the zinnias
and verbenas,
fragile among the red

trumpeted petunias,
is ribbed with steel
wired to the sun

whose triumphant power
will keep it safe,
free as laughter,

secure against
bombardments no more
dangerous to its

armored might than if
the cotton clouds
should merely fall.

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Why do they drink Rum in the Tropics?
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made with Rum Siboney!
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4 YEARS OLD
Rum
Private Stock
Siboney Rum Collins
1 tablespoon sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
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(either White or Gold Label)
Shake with cracked ice . . .
strain into Collins glass
. . . add 2 cubes ice and
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THE ART GALLERIES

A Quick Look at the Summer Colonies

IT wasn't till around the start of the century that the movement toward *plein-air* painting gained much headway in this country, and most of our present summer art colonies date from about that period. They began simply enough. An artist or a group of artists, entranced by the new practice of painting the natural scene as it offered itself, spontaneously, uncritically—in a word, "impressionistically"—would hunt out some quiet village in the Catskills or along the New England coast and settle there for the summer. That was all right in itself, and necessary if the possibilities of the Impressionist technique were to be explored. I imagine that in the early days, when no more than a half-dozen painters or so comprised a group and a summer boarding house was their headquarters, the life in such a colony was pleasant and even productive.

The trouble is that since then things have happened. For one, strict *plein-air* painting has for the most part lost its value; though artists may sketch afield, they tend more and more to work up their finished canvases in the studio. For another, the original impulse to "get away and paint" soon turned, as such impulses often do in America, into a mass movement. Friends and pupils followed the pioneers, and then others followed them. Sketch classes sprang into being; skylights were let into roofs and barns converted into studios; the boarding house added a wing and became an inn. Before the founders could turn over in their graves, you had an "artists' colony," with an antique shop and a tearoom flanking the A. & P. and a lady working earnestly at her easel in every field.

NOT all the colonies are as bad as that, of course. I've just made a tour of the principal ones south of Boston, and can report that there are deviations, both in their general aspects and in the quality of the work displayed at their exhibitions. Silvermine, which began as an offshoot of Westport, was populated mainly by illustrators, and though its character has since broadened, there is still a kind of commercial sharp-edgedness about its annual shows. Old Lyme, the most ancient of all (the group there held its first exhibition in 1902), is also the most genteel. Woodstock, which started as a sort of rural extension of the Art Students' League, is the freest and most catholic in spirit. The exhibition there, and the one at Mystic, were the only ones I saw that really came up to metropolitan standards. A good deal of arty Old Guardism is even today visible everywhere. As the colonies are among the last places you'll still see peasant frocks and outlandish earrings worn publicly, so their shows are about the only ones where you'll find, still seriously exhibited, that peculiarly watered and toned-down brand of Impressionism which from 1910 onward passed for the real thing here. Both are phenomena I could very well get along without.

The show at Woodstock (it's already closed), though it contained its share of outdated artistic metaphor, was exceptional in that it also found room for so relatively advanced a style as abstraction and even something approaching surrealism—the first represented by Alf. J. Stromsted's subtly balanced, dun-colored "Composition," the second by Frank London's gently satirical arrangement of twining vines, scraps of old sheet music, and other sentimental knick-knacks, called "Hearts and Flowers." (There are, to be sure, good artists in each of the colonies.) I liked, too, a series of pleasantly formalized little flower pieces by Raisa Robbins, in gouache, as well as Andrée Ruellan's warm, casually flavored street scene, "Charleston," and—what I considered the best thing in the show—Marko Vukovic's small, swirly study of a coiled cat sleeping, called "Mimi." The whole collection has a liveliness and an up-to-date sparkle; I'd say that if you are in the neighborhood, and have the time, you'll find it well worth a visit.

At Mystic, they've a pleasant practice each year of inviting two outside artists to exhibit with the local group. The men selected this time are Joseph De Martini and Marsden Hartley, and each of them has contributed a fine canvas—De Martini a curiously glittery waterfront scene called "East Side, Sunday" and Hartley a bold, solidly assured landscape, "Granite by the Sea." As for the rest of the show, though its technical content is high, there is a tendency toward academic conservatism that I found rather dispiriting. Some good things stand out, however. Beatrice Cuming has a small oil called "Tugboat in Motion" and another called "Field in Florida," both of which seemed to me to show sound penetration and understanding; Robert Brackman's "Arrangement in Morning Light" and his "Still Life with Discarded Pitcher" are of course flawless technically, if not very exciting emotionally; Walt Killam, in addition to a number of slightly blustery but lusty oils, has a staunchly designed gouache, "Mystic Bridge," in the water-color section, while among the black-and-whites Guy Pène du Bois shows a swift, racy ink drawing called "Costume Ball."

There isn't a great deal to be said about the remaining two places on my list, Old Lyme and Silvermine. At the latter, they're hanging a new exhibition every two weeks, and the one I saw will be changed before you can possibly get around to it. For the record, at the time I was there Revington Arthur carried away the honors with his rather too baldly van Gogh-ish but somehow forceful "Portrait of Van Wyck Brooks." Gail Symon's pale, thinly brushed "Sketch of a Little Girl" was nice, too. In a separate room of the gallery, Douglas Gorsline was having a one-man show of oils and black-and-whites, ranging from a very rococo "Saint Michael," astride clouds and brandishing a sword, to a Milleresque beach scene called "Approaching Storm." I liked best his genre pieces, in particular the indolent, self-assured "Blonde" and the charmingly childish "Johnnie."

Eugene Higgins is the star at Old Lyme, and in the half-dozen or so paintings he offers—"Rag Pickers," "Hill People," and so on—you get, in spite of their remote themes and slightly formalized treatment, a sense of humane understanding and genuine feeling. The rest of the showing, I'm sorry to say, is pretty much trash.

I DIDN'T get up to Provincetown, but I'd had news from a trusted spy who saw the show there before it closed that it wasn't worth travelling that far to look at. He reported one find, however, and I may as well quote him about it. "John Enos is the name. He's a native fisherman (retired after falling off a ladder while painting his house) and an authentic primitive. His stuff's good, as most primitive work is, only perhaps a little better than usual, with fine color and very severe and geometrical design, and his entry in the show, 'Storm off Boston Light,' is a real piece of painting. It got me, anyway."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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The Tip that Slater slipped the Waiter

The Tip that grateful Mr. Slater slipped the waiter is a generous one. But the waiter certainly deserves it, in return for the grand tip he slipped Mr. Slater when he first came into the bar. And what was the tip that made such a hit with Slater? The waiter simply suggested an Old-Fashioned made with Four Roses. *You'll* be grateful, too, every time you say to the bartender, "Make mine Four Roses!"

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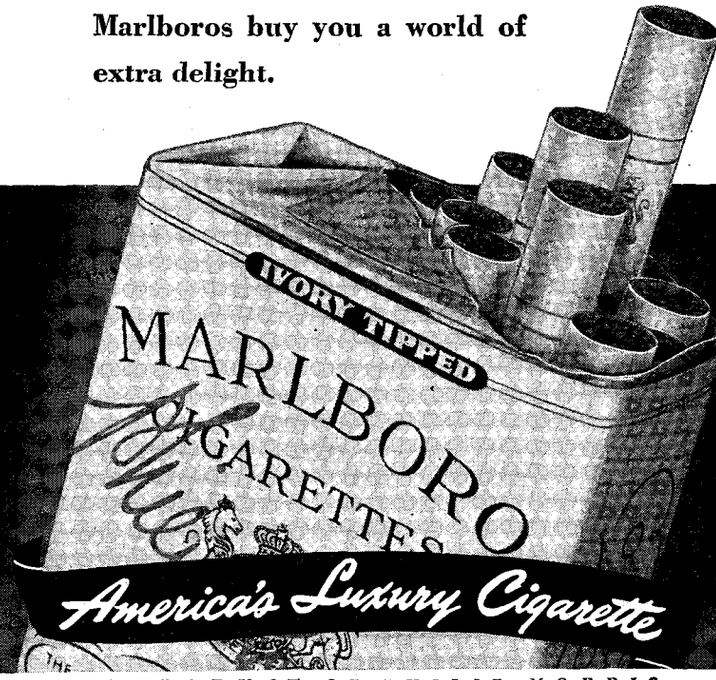

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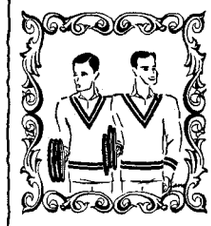
THE TENNIS COURTS

Slump



ALONG about now should be the climax of the local tennis season, with only the National singles and doubles titles left to be decided and with all the boys supposedly trained to razor-edge condition and hardened by a tough campaign. The invitation tournament at the Newport Casino last week, the last warm-up before the championships, should have been a natural, and the final match between Kovacs and McNeill should have been a sweetheart and a peacheroo. Actually, the meeting was mediocre in the early rounds and fell off badly in the later ones. If that standard of play continues through the next two weeks, the sportswriters who have been staying away all summer and panning the game from a distance will discover at Forest Hills that they were right all the time, and then there will be no living with them. The really exciting tennis exhibited by Riggs at Sea Bright against Prusoff and Kovacs, by McNeill and Kramer at Southampton, and by Riggs and McNeill at Rye will go for nought.

Picking on Kovacs these days is like saying that war is a bad thing, but he seems to hunger for abuse. His court manners at Newport were vastly improved, and all would have been forgiven if at the same time he had only bothered to play his best. Against McNeill, his game had the spottiness that has come to be expected of him, and it's worth reviewing for that reason. Ahead at 4–3 in the first set, having broken through McNeill's service, he seemed to become alarmed at the pleasant way things were turning out, and promptly took to softening his attack and undercutting the ball so sharply that it seldom got past the net. Kovacs has some amazing tricks in his repertory, but an underspin is not one of them, and his change of pace can be attributed only to mistaken strategy or a fervent will to lose. Still, he came out of the first set fairly creditably, losing 7–9. In the second, however, he was content to fritter away points until he was down 1–5, and then staged a rally which netted him only one more game. He started off well in the third set, leading at 2–0 and 3–1, but once more his own

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temerity seemed to frighten him. At deuce in the last game, he double-faulted twice, ending the match with an air of apology for having taken so long about it. The entire performance was a bewildering one, considering that even Riggs doesn't like to trifle with McNeill, who goes about his business with no flimflammery and little regard for flimflammery from others.

THERE never was a National men's doubles tournament whose outcome was as unpredictable on the basis of previous performances as this one. As the entries went to the post, only one team, Schroeder and Kramer, had won as many as two preliminary tournaments this summer, and they had failed to get past the semifinals in either of their last two appearances. The combinations of Riggs-Van Horn, Mulloy-Prusoff, and Parker-McNeill had each won once. The last of these look to this department like the coming champs, a forecast which you can dismiss with a heedless shrug of the shoulders if they've been eliminated in the meantime. It's based on the fact that Parker, whose singles game has faltered of late, has blossomed into a flawless doubles player, and that McNeill is a good enough partner for a flawless doubles player to struggle along with. Van Horn is the trouble with Riggs and Van Horn. Once he makes his first error, he's so busy with his cussing that he's hardly got time to be running after tennis balls.

STATISTICS: Alice Marble, who won at the Essex County Club in Manchester, Massachusetts, ran her winning streak up to twenty-seven successive tournaments, and she and Sarah Palfrey maintained their four-year record of no defeats as a doubles team. They will both bear watching. —D. E. L.

• •

HELP WANTED

CAMP COUNSELLOR, young, Chr., intell., must have following.
DANCING INSTRUCTOR, good dancer, personality, college grad., tall.
YOUNG MAN, ambitious, wide-awake, willing to take a chance. Must have car.

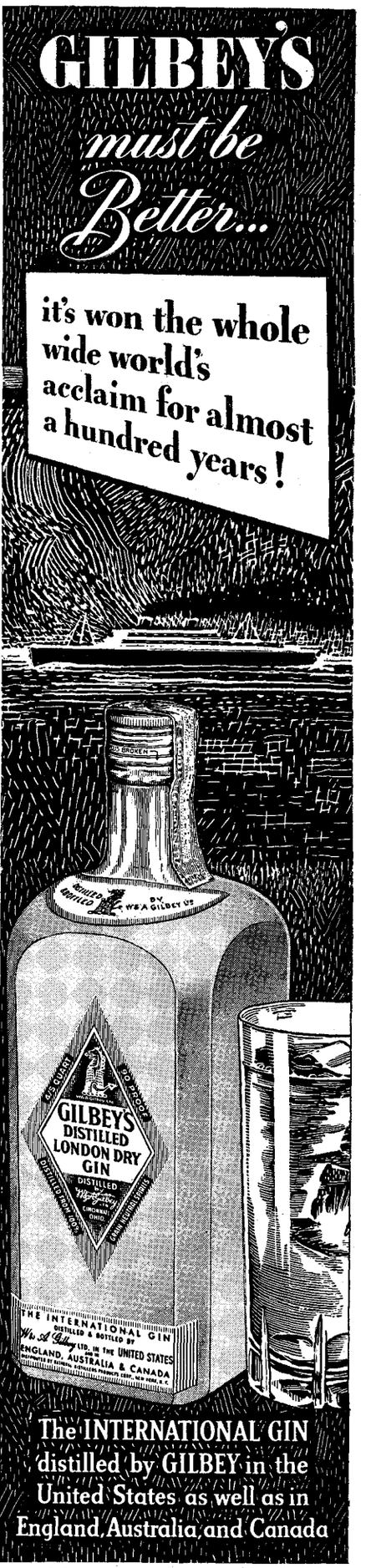
He was *young*, *Chr.*, and definitely *intell.*,
but he had no *following*. (Mothers don't count,
and what do a few scattered friends amount
to? The Pied Piper sort of thing
is what's meant by a following.)
Without that, he might as well
be old, Hindu, and dumb as hell.

He had *personality* (who doesn't?), could *dance*
(like a dream), and was *college grad.*
But he wasn't *tall*, and the ad
said tall (unless you call
five feet six and a quarter tall,
which you don't). Not a chance,
since only the big deserve the dance.

Another thing he didn't have was a car.
He was (1) *ambitious*, (2) *wide-awake*,
and (3) quite *willing to take*
a chance. But it said (4) *car*, and he
might just as well be
ugly and trying to be a movie star
as get this job without (4) car.

But he was ☛ YOU,
and the recruiting-poster man in the striped pants
doesn't care whether YOU can dance
or have a following or a car.
That isn't, it seems, what he wants YOU for.
The only question is are you YOU,
because if (and while) you are, you'll do.

—JUDD POLK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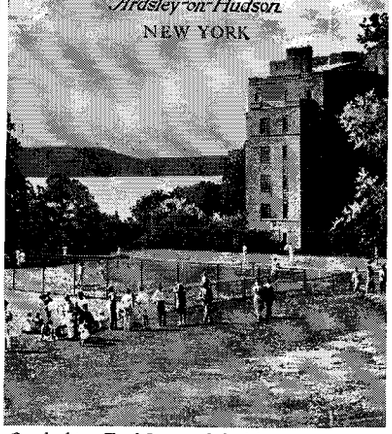

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THE GIRLS

IT was eleven in the morning and the girls were in Ann's room. Ann is my niece. She sat in the slipper chair brushing her short brown curls. Sally lay flat on her back on Ann's bed, with her bare feet hooked over the headboard. She and her grandmother had taken a house down the road from us, and she wandered in and out at will. This morning she had brought her sewing. She was making a lavender dotted swiss for her grandmother as a surprise, and she now held it about a foot directly above her eyes and gathered it for the waistline.

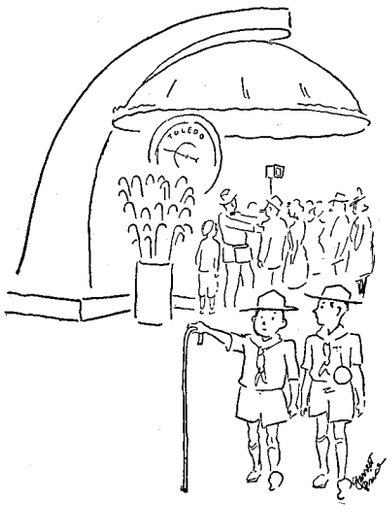
"I think John really likes me," Ann said for the twentieth time.

"He certainly acts like it," said Sally. Her legs were short from the knees down and she had a full bosom and her features were all huddled in the middle of her cheerful face. Ann, by contrast, was a long-legged young beauty. Her special glory was her hair, which she was brushing with vigor and with pride.

"He's been to see me three times," she said. "I only met him a week ago. That ought to mean something."

"Sure." Sally bit off the lavender thread and rested her grandmother's surprise on her stomach.

"You hurt your teeth biting threads, Sally," Ann said. She started brushing her back hair up. "I like him because he's not like other boys around here, wanting to sit around and neck all the time. And besides, he's been places. West Point, for one. His uncle is a senator or something and got him the appointment, but he didn't like it much so he quit and went to the U and studied petroleum engineering. He wants to be an architect. And he's just as bored with things around here as I am."



Sally threaded her needle, pushed her legs higher on the headboard, and picked up the lavender goods. "Did he kiss you good night this time, Ann?"

"You know how I am about that," Ann said.

"I thought you said you liked him."

Ann stopped brushing. She appeared to consider. "Do you really like to honky-tonk, Sally?" "Honky-tonk" is their word for the local beer joints. It serves also as a verb, meaning to visit the beer joints, drink Cokes, and dance.

"Sure. I had a swell time last night."

"They're all right for a while," Ann conceded, "but last night we got bored. So when you and Bob said you were going on to the Brown Doughnut, John asked me if I thought he would be rude to suggest sitting on our porch and talking."

"Talking?" Sally asked suspiciously.

"Talking is interesting if people can talk. John thinks so, too. He says the trouble is most girls can't talk. They're just like the boys. They say 'Hi-ya, kid?' and 'How ya doin'?' about forty times and call that talking. John said most girls are just alike. He said—I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you, Sally—he said I'm different."

"I'm sure he likes you, though."

"Oh, sure. That was what he meant. He said I was individual and to be sure and stay the way I am."

"But why didn't he want to kiss you good night?"

Ann winced. "Well, the reason he thinks I'm individual," she explained patiently, "is because I can talk, see, and because I don't want to honky-tonk all the time and sit around in cars and neck. He said any boy would neck. He said most of the girls started it, and if they wanted to, he gave. He said most girls cried their eyes out if you didn't kiss them good night, which was why he said it was a relief to find a really nice girl who could just sit and talk."

By this time Sally's sewing had settled quietly on her stomach. "What time did he go home?" she asked.

"At one o'clock. Mother had to go and call down, of course."

"You mean you left us at eleven o'clock and sat on the porch all that time and only talked?"

"What's wrong with that?" Having brushed her back hair up, Ann now began to brush it down.

"But what did you have to talk about?"

"I told you. The girls around here.

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And the boys. And about my being individual. Things like that."

"But why wouldn't he kiss you good night?"

Ann frowned and stopped brushing. "See here, Sally, he thinks I'm different and he wants me to stay the way I am."

Sally gave her body a twist. "But if he feels that way, I should think he would want more than ever to kiss you good night."

"Oh, he wants to," Ann said finally, with a small and rather condescending smile. "In fact, he's wanted to all the time, but he didn't want to seem to rush it because of the way he feels about me. So last night, when I really realized how he felt about me, I told him he could kiss me good night. So he kissed me good night."

Sally screwed her little features into a complacent knot, reanchored her legs on the headboard, lifted her grandmother's surprise above her eyes, and smugly stitched. —FRANCES CRANE

•

DISSENT IN MISSOURI

[*Letter in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

You big bunch of no-good traitors, the firing squad would get you in wartime, speaking your filth in print to St. Louis citizens.

You don't have to feed the citizens that Nazi bunk that the United States is getting another war hysteria. That's plain filthy Nazi propaganda. All you print is a lot of Nazi and Communist propaganda filth, so that the dirty swine Hitler can make us slaves like he's doing over there.

If you and your staff like Hitler and Stalin so much, why don't you go over there and print your filth? See what you'll get if you print the opposite of the Government. Go over there and print your slush.

This is a democracy, not a dictatorship, and it isn't going to be one. Get that into your numb skulls.

You must have got a coupla thousands for the filthy piece of Nazi propaganda, "To the Brink." You really got paid good for that piece of fine Nazi propaganda, you lowdown swine.

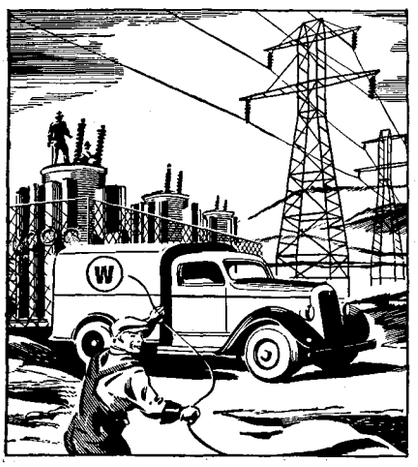
Don't think you're fooling the Americans in Missouri. You're wasting your time; in fact, you're making enemies. You're going to regret it, you two-faced Nazi fifth columnists. Your destiny is marked, you and your Nazi companions.

Instead of printing a column devoted to Americans, you betray America and all that it stands for, and I'm not a warmonger. Hitler, the big hog, has to be stopped soon or he'll have us for his slaves, and big baboons like you won't feel so big. You may then realize that this is not just another war, then it will be too late.

DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY

GOOD SERVICE *is Good Business*

by Westinghouse



• *Probably* it never occurred to you, but the life of a Westinghouse Service Engineer is a very exciting career. This morning he may be doing a simple repair job, and this afternoon he may be aboard a plane speeding to the rescue of a power company miles away whose electrical equipment has been paralyzed by some disaster.

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• *Ingenuity is also* a prime requisite of these service men. For instance, our New England men were given the problem of drying and smoothing out water soaked currency, bonds and other valuable papers soaked by flood. They did it promptly and efficiently simply by using Westinghouse household ironers to press the paper straight and dry.

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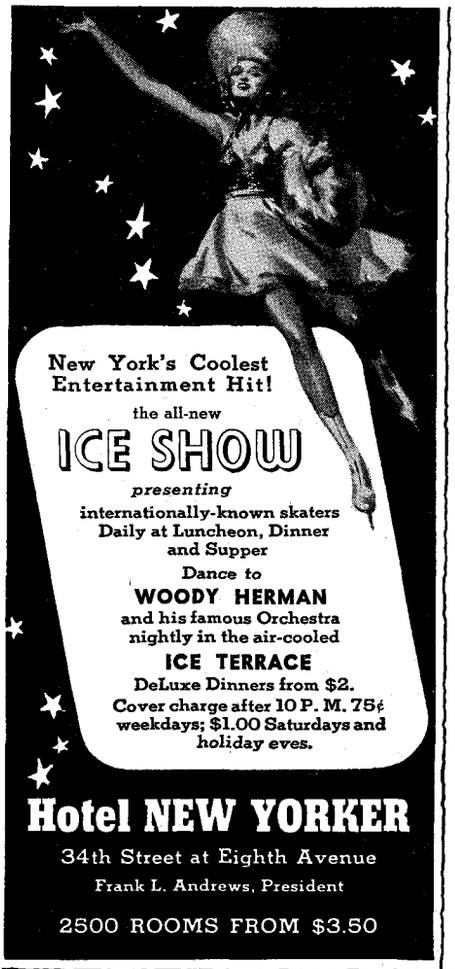

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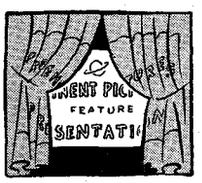
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Great Sturges

DOUBTLESS you have already heard that "The Great McGinty" is an unostentatious, amusing, and consistently entertaining picture. I liked it, and so, apparently, did everybody else—the professional critics, the finicky upper-bracket moviegoers, and the pimply members of the intellectual underworld who patronize the Broadway cinema palaces. It is, in the jargon of the trade, a "sleeper;" that is, a low-budget picture whose producers did not expect it to turn out as well as it has. In Hollywood, it seems, they simply can't understand a production's making money when it has nothing to recommend it but a well-turned plot, good dialogue, skillful and ingratiating actors, and imaginative direction.



It is a discouraging commentary on the state of the movie industry that the virtues of "The Great McGinty" are almost entirely negative. The film is refreshing merely because it is so different from those that have been coming along for the past few years. In the first place, it has no star, and consequently no hand-tailored story, no dragged-in views of a famous eyebrow or shinbone. It is not a "remake," a dishonest attempt to get the public to pay admission to see practically the same picture a second time; nor does it have the nagging familiarity of a picture made from a Womrath's best-seller of last season. It's just a good little comedy that keeps you happy for an hour and some odd minutes. The payoff is one of the credit lines: "Written and directed by Preston Sturges." Usually the credits go gabbling on about how the picture is from a story by this or that writer, based on an idea by somebody else, with additional dialogue by somebody else again. He travels the fastest who travels alone, eh, Sturges? (Of course, I'll look a pretty fool if it turns out that Sturges had so many stooges there wasn't room for their credits.)

Well, anyway. You'll see Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus, and Akim Tamiroff in "The Great McGinty," and you'll like it. Mind, I didn't say you'd THRILL to it, that you'd NEVER FORGET it, or that it's the BIGGEST SMASH BROADWAY HAS EVER SEEN. But go and see it, and then reflect a bit about this: if somebody in Hollywood were smart, you could have pictures this good every week in the year, and Mickey Rooney could be sent to a good, strict military school.

WHAT I hear from my mother, who is an old Kansas girl, the Dalton boys were strictly no-goodnicks, and no decent citizen would have given them the time of day. This point of view is at variance with that presented by Universal's "When the Daltons Rode," which shows Bob, Grat, Ben, and Emmett as hard-working, put-upon farmers who took to highway robbery only under the most extreme provocation and whose only thoughts while on the lam were of their mother and Kay Francis. The boys are ably impersonated by Broderick Crawford, Brian Donlevy, Stuart Erwin, and Frank Albertson, and somebody has put a good deal of loving thought into the gun battles and train robberies. It's a fine, active, bloody film—a little better, I would say, than "The Return of Frank James." I despair of putting into words the sort of pleasure I derived from seeing Kay Francis driving a horse and buggy. Another scene, less haunting, is one which I still don't believe, even after seeing it, in which the four outlaws jump their horses from a flatcar in a moving train.

"THREE FACES WEST" is a harmless, though not very absorbing, story about a refugee German doctor and his daughter who settle down in a small town in the Dust Bowl. Charles Coburn and Sigrid Gurie are in it. . . . In "The Ghost Creeps," you will find (if morbid curiosity leads you to investigate) two of the Dead End Kids, supported by a horrid little troupe called the East Side Kids. (We Madison Avenue Kids always stay away from such films, unless duty takes us to them.) At one point the two Dead End Kids, both of whom look to be eligible for conscription, are haled into Juvenile Court, and you should have heard the audience laugh. —RUSSELL MALONEY

•

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

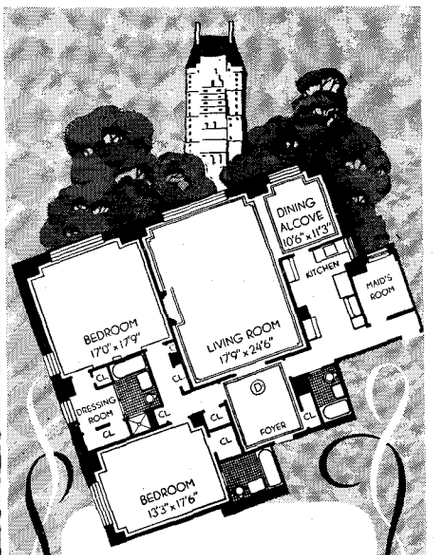
Stopping the Show

THERE was a time when people would have laughed at the notion of stopping a horse show to listen to a political speech, but not any more. By far the most dramatic moments during the three-day North Shore show out at Stony Brook last week were those set aside for listening to the broadcast of Mr. Willkie's message from Elwood. Everything was done to get people in a properly receptive frame of mind: the show's program carried a two-page advertisement endorsing Mr. Willkie, and a trick horse was led out into the ring, where it was made to sit down like a puppy and wave a Willkie banner which was hanging from its mouth.

As the time approached for the candidate to begin his speech, everything in and around the ring came to a standstill and the public-address system was hitched up to the radio—something that has happened in the past only on such occasions as the running of the Belmont Stakes or the Kentucky Derby. The crowd listened to Mr. Willkie reverently, or so it seemed; if there were any who disagreed with a word the speaker had to say, they remained discreetly silent. When Mr. Willkie recalled his early days as a hard-working youth in Elwood, a middle-aged horse owner leaned on the radiator of his car and wept. "I can't keep my mind on horses at a time like this," he said later, rubbing his eyes.

ASIDE from the broadcast, the big innovation at Stony Brook was a program of classes for young hunters, thought up by O. E. McIntyre, vice-president of the show. Mr. McIntyre, a member of the Smithtown Hunt, introduced these classes in the hope of encouraging more exhibitors to bring new horses to the show. It turned out to be an excellent idea, and undoubtedly will be copied at other exhibitions. There were thirty-five hitherto unknown horses, five years old or less, competing in these classes, and it certainly was a relief to see them there.

Demas, who won the young-hunter championship, and Beau Soleil, the runner-up, are two of the best-bred animals around. Martin Vogel, Jr., of Old



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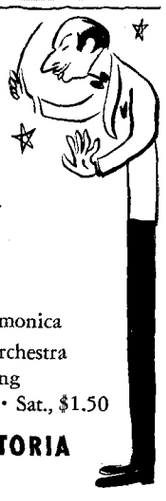

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DUTCH VET

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Westbury, whose late father was an assistant secretary of the Treasury, imported Demas from England last year. The horse comes from a long line of Derby winners and won five championships in as many appearances abroad. Vogel, who is only twenty-two, happened upon Demas by chance. While he was at Eton, he made friends with some boys who knew their way around in British racing circles. Last year, he went back to England for a visit and was tipped off by one of his former schoolmates that Demas, then three years old, could be bought, provided the purchaser was not an Englishman. J. V. Rank, whose stables are as well known on the British turf as the Whitney ones are here and who owned Demas, had decided to give up showing horses, but didn't want to part with a horse as good as Demas to one of his fellow-countrymen, no matter what the offer, because he thought he might someday start showing horses again and hated the idea of being beaten by a horse he had sold. Young Vogel paid Rank's price, and Rank delivered the horse on board a ship ready to sail. He was taking no chances that Vogel might resell the animal before leaving England.

Beau Soleil, who is owned by H. Duane Clark, of Syracuse, is a lightweight four-year-old with the neck and head of his sire, Sun Beau, who was the leading money-winning horse in the world until Seabiscuit came along. This was Beau Soleil's first show. There was a difference of only one point between him and Demas in the final score of their performances in the North Shore show. There may be some rare battles between these two later on.

ALONG THE RAIL AT STONY BROOK: Mrs. Eaton Guggenheim's Red Tape, after an absence of several years, was back skipping over fences and looking chipper as ever. . . . The five judges, no less, for the hunter classes sat atop a road coach to get a good view of the horses on the outside course. . . . For my money, the smartest jumpers in the show were the Meadow Brook Hounds, who, when getting in and out of the ring, leaped to the top of the chicken-coop fence and slid down with the greatest of ease. —T. O'R.

•

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BOOKS

How It Happened There—The Male of the Species

THERE have been any number of factual studies of the technique of Hitler's conquests, but it has taken six years for the first creative work on the subject to appear. This is only natural; remember that it was a decade or so after the first World War before the Zweigs and the Remarques produced the fruits of their experience. Austria began to fall in 1934; how she fell and why she fell form the subject of Franz Hoellering's "The Defenders," one proof of whose quality is that it bears the name of Ludwig Lewisohn as its translator. Perhaps, a few years from now, if refugees are able still to write and publish, we shall have similar novels on the fall of Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. If so, they will have to match a high standard, for Mr. Hoellering's book, while I cannot rank it as the great work its publishers quite sincerely believe it to be, is a solid, serious, authoritative projection of one of the decisive moments of modern history. It will take its place, I venture to say, just below the roughly comparable novels of Lion Feuchtwanger.

Primarily, "The Defenders" is the portrait of a sick city, the Vienna of 1934. We have long been familiar with the bare elements of its disunity. Hoellering clothes these elements in drama. The secret of Hitler's success lay in his realization that if the Christian Front government, plus the ascendant Heimwehr, could be maneuvered into attacking and destroying the Socialist working class of Vienna, his work would be seventy-five per cent accomplished. This is the essential fact that Hoellering translates into four hundred and eighty-four pages of almost Balzacian detail.

In some ways the book centres in Baron Wiesner, the civilized, amiable, sensitive, skeptical, and fundamentally feeble aristocrat, representing the Vienna of the past. He understands what is happening around him, knows he cannot compete with it, but commits the error of believing he can escape from it, escape from history itself. On a higher plane, the same error is made by the great scientist Franz Steiger, who will have nothing to do with politics but finds that politics will have much to do with him. Steiger and Wiesner are highly conscious and responsible beings, yet their intelligence does not save them. As for the coffee-house bohemians, the disoriented artists and literary men who made up so large a part of the life of Vienna, their bewilderment and frustration are even greater, for their petty egotisms prevent them even from understanding the causes of their defeat.

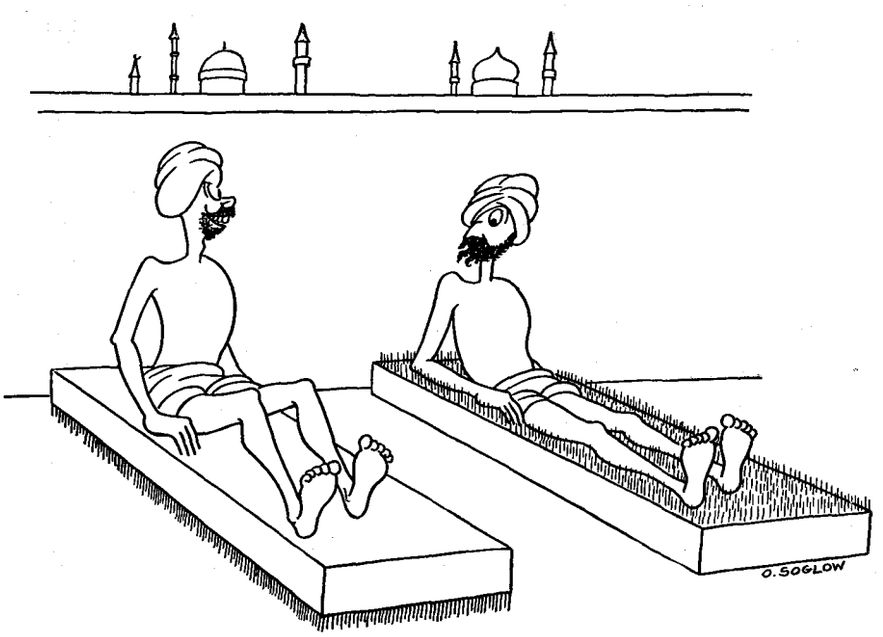
The really conscious enemy of Hitler, the book indicates, is the working class, but the workers are in no way presented either as shining heroes or infallible sages. Their own disunity is stressed, particularly the weakness born of having exercised a smug bureaucratic control over Vienna for some years. Young Birkmeier, the intransigent son of one of the Social Democratic chairwarmers, goes so far as to ascribe the whole debacle to the lethargy and incompetence of his father's reformist generation. Whoever was responsible, the workers were defeated, apparently by Dollfuss but fundamentally by Hitler. They go down fighting, as does Karl Merk, the nearest thing to a "hero" in an unheroic book; as does the fat drummer Franze; as does Mother Merk, who puts the matter in its starkest form when she says, "Winning was not really the point but just having the courage to resist."

Finally, there are the Nazis and potential Nazis, portrayed by Hoellering with an objectivity really remarkable in view of his experiences with them. There is Kleist, whom Hoellering calls the "decent" Nazi, whose adherence to Hitler stems from a perverted patriotism: "We must win the next war. Whoever helps to do that I welcome." And at the other end of the scale is the true Nazi, who says, "One must love war and believe in it not only as a means in time of need but an end in itself; that is the secret of war."

While all these people—there are perhaps a hundred characters—are shrewdly studied, the quality of "The Defenders" does not seem to me to lie in its characterization. It is not a people novel but a time novel. Not one of its many men and women is really memorable, but the Vienna through which they move is memorable, the tragic moment in which they have their transient being is memorable. And so are certain isolated scenes: Franze's night with the prostitute, the massacre of the workers, the defence of the Socialist coöperative apartments, the underground conspiracies of the Left Wing Socialists, the masked ball at which the Viennese aristocracy makes its farewell appearance.

The triangular love tangle in which are involved Maria Steiger, Baron Wiesner, and Karl Merk is, though carefully studied, quite unmoving. Maria, engaged to the Baron, finds herself drawn to the young Karl, and as her love for him develops her whole character is supposed to change and deepen. I find this too pat and theatrical. In fact, I just don't believe it.

Lewis Gannett, in a fine appreciation of Franz Hoellering, says of "The Defenders," "This was Vienna; but this



"I find it's more comfortable this way."

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The Heart is a Lonely Hunter

CARSON McCULLERS

was the world too—our world." Those readers to whom this judgment is true will probably rank the book as high as does Mr. Gannett. To my mind it is not quite true. "The Defenders" is an extraordinarily graphic picture of a particular situation. This situation is akin to our own, but only in a few respects. "The Defenders" is written on a level of dignity and understanding, but it is not written on a level of universality. It is and remains a novel of Vienna in 1934. That it is a fine novel of Vienna in 1934 is sufficient, and sufficient to induce us to read it.

THE theory underlying Isabel Paterson's cutting and witty novel, "If It Prove Fair Weather," is an interesting one. She has tried to write, and in a sense succeeded in writing, a "pure" love story—perhaps, as she herself suggests, the only love story ever written. Her love story is "pure" as "Kubla Khan" is pure poetry, neither being deflected by the interference of reality. The book is concerned entirely with the thoughts and feelings of Emily Cruger, insofar as these thoughts and feelings have to do with her passion for James Nathaniel Wishart. Nothing else enters the book. The outside world is a remote murmur. There is hardly a sentence not specifically related to the Cruger-Wishart affair. How much of this the reader can stand is, of course, up to the reader. It's my hunch that the girls will take to it more eagerly than will the boys.

For me, the primary virtue of "If It Prove Fair Weather" does not lie so much in the originality of its underlying theory as in the incidental wit and malicious understanding which inform the book, theory or no theory. I suppose Emmy suffers a good deal over her hopeless (and unconsummated) passion for Wishart, but the reader is apt to forget her grief in his enjoyment of those interludes in which Emmy and her confidante Christine tear the poor, dull, respectable fellow apart until it seems as if the whole male sex were being impaled and dissected. But Emmy's outrageous understanding of the pathetic, foolish Wishart is not, it seems to me, generated by her love for Wishart but by her intuitive, catlike, prying intelligence. In other words, this book is a diverting, acrid satire on maleness, and it could be that without being a love story at all.

"If It Prove Fair Weather" (the quotation's from Suckling) is an odd book in many ways, but the oddest thing about it, not to put too fine a point on

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the matter, is that Emily and James, who are, it would seem, nuts about each other, can never quite get around to doing anything decisive about it. James (he's married and respectable) is always visiting Emily at 7 P.M. and leaving at 2:15 A.M., without in any way making her a dishonest woman. There's considerable love-making of a pat-pat sort, but something always happens to keep things from "the violence of realization," to use an apt phrase of the author. Apparently this pattern of anticlimax is an important part of Mrs. Paterson's demonstration of the inadequacy of the amorous male, but less charitable readers may set the whole thing down as a kind of involved script tease.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

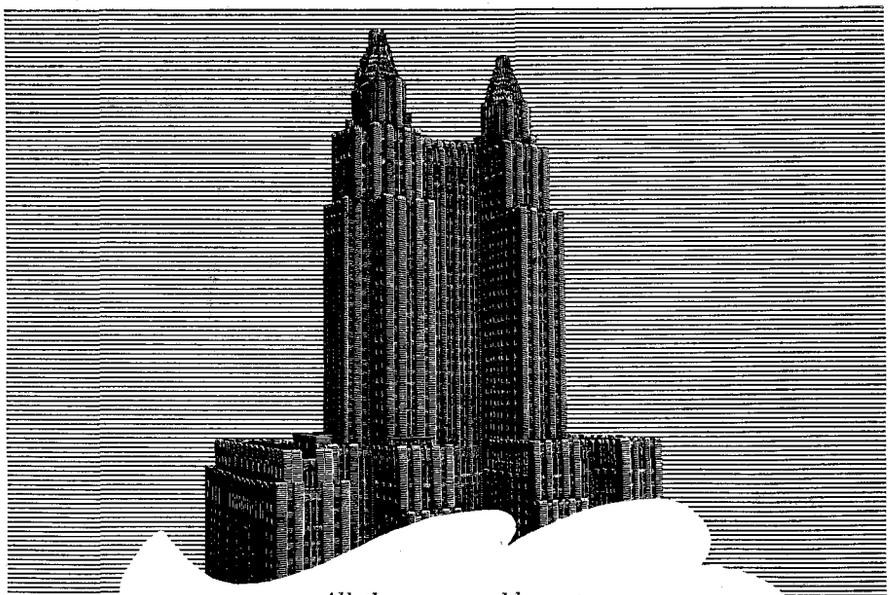
FICTION

DUTCH VET, by A. Roothaert, translated from the Dutch by Fernand G. Renier and Anne Cliff. Know anything about the business of being a veterinary surgeon? Myhnheer Roothaert tells you all about it in a first-class novel full of sense and solid humor. Some of the medical details are not particularly delicate, but they are necessary to round out the life of Dr. Vlimmen, as honest and likable a fellow as ever came out of a book.

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS, by Adeline Rumsey. The lives of three sisters in a genteel, middle-class New York environment. One marries for love and learns that poverty and romance do not jell; one marries to provide a father for her child and learns that money isn't everything; one doesn't marry at all and doesn't have much fun either. Three rather footless ladies, in short, dominated by the memory of their mother, united only by the child of one. Miss Rumsey describes them with care and fidelity, though they don't add up to anything very weighty.

THE DELAMER CURSE, by Anne Green. Seems that for nine generations all Delamers had died before they were thirty. A lady of the tenth generation is able to break the curse, with a good deal of hocus-pocus involving crystal-gazing and whatnot. Told somewhat in the style of Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca," but not nearly as sharp or as clever.

WHITEOAK HERITAGE, by Mazo de la Roche. In case you Jalnaites missed a week or two in the Whiteoaks saga, Miss de la Roche fills in the blank spaces. This novel describes the period



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between "Young Renny" and "Jalna." Friends of the earlier books will not need to be told more.

TASSELS ON HER BOOTS, by Arthur Train. New York in the days of Boss Tweed. An agreeable historical piece with lots of romance and local color, with virtue rewarded and vice, in the shape of Tweed and the Tammany gang, brought to a just punishment.

THE CANYON, by Peter Viertel. A novel of boyhood and adolescence in California. Young George and his companions—Keetcheye the Indian, Perfecto the Mexican, Jimmy the bartender's son—are up to all sorts of devilment, most of it well intentioned. A boy's-eye view of the world, with grownups added only to provide general interference and the trials and ambitions of the young appealingly indicated.

FRUIT OUT OF ROCK, by Frances Gillmor. Miss Gillmor's heroine is the daughter of a fruit farmer who has made a desert valley fertile and green; her hero is a goat-herder, and goats eat up the herbage that protects the valley from floods. The conflict between the two characters is thus sharply drawn, and is not resolved without sacrifice. Their love story is touching and genuine.

ROSE OF THE SEA, by Paul Vialar, translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. A story reminiscent of Molnár's "Liliom," of a tough, inarticulate young Frenchman redeemed by love—a baby's love, this time. The background, mostly a voyage on a battered tramp steamer from Cherbourg to Rumania, is excellent. The ending seems hurried and weak; otherwise, a poignant and convincing novel. Winner of the Prix Femina.

TUMBLEWEEDS, by Marta Roberts. Misadventures of a family of Mexican peasants bewildered by life in California. Miss Roberts' Concha, anxious to bring up her children the right way, unable to understand the intricacies of living on relief, touchingly reliant on her religious faith, is admirably done. A warmhearted story, told with compassion and no condescension.

GENERAL

A MAN NAMED GRANT, by Helen Todd. Five hundred and ninety-four pages of biography whose form verges occasionally on that of the novel. Lively and dramatic, it presents a highly sympathetic picture of a man whose defects have often been pointed out by soberer historians. Miss Todd

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believes that the filthy scandals of the Grant administration were possible largely because Grant was too trusting. Aside from the Parson Weems note, the book is highly readable. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II.

IDLE MONEY IDLE MEN, by Stuart Chase. Blithely jettisoning Marx and Adam Smith, Mr. Chase talks turkey about the budget, government vs. business, down-swooping population curves, production and consumption, the possibilities for industrial expansion, new highways, and new dams, and the relation of all these to the power age in which we live. Exciting popularization and vista-opening in Mr. Chase's familiar manner.

THE WORLD I KNEW, by Louis Golding. More of a travel book than a formal autobiography, this is a record of Mr. Golding's wandering life from his Magnolia Street days to the present, with way stops in Asia Minor, New York, and Hollywood. Mr. Golding is not ashamed of being well educated, urbane, and humorous. Neither he nor his adventures ever fall into banality.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN, by Felix Riesenberg, illustrated by Stephen J. Voorhies. A good, gallant history of the vastest of oceans, spotlighting Magellan, Drake, and Captain James Cook, but offering the complete story from Balboa to the Clipper planes. This is, unfortunately, the late Captain's last book. It is worthy of him.

HAWKEYES, by Phil Stong. This "biography of the State of Iowa" is the first of a projected Sovereign States Series. Mr. Stong dispenses little information but draws a lusty, humorous, unsentimental portrait of the folkways of a state rich in murals as well as corn. Sets a high mark for the series to maintain.

HITLER AND I, by Otto Strasser, translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. Supplementing Douglas Reed's recent "Nemesis?," Hitler's Public Enemy No. 1 tells all about his association and break with the Führer. Astonishing stuff.

VERSE

THERE ARE NO ISLANDS, ANY MORE, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. "Lines written in passion and in deep concern for England, France, and my own country," by a poet who was once a pacifist. Miss Millay's generosity is as strong as her warlike feelings. No profit will accrue to either author or publisher; all proceeds will

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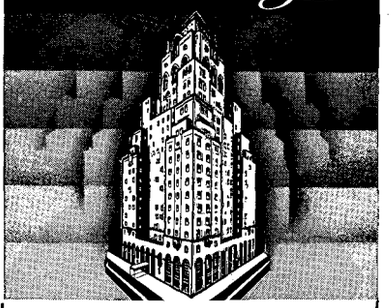

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THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS, by F. R. Higgins. Poems by one of the Irish "younger men," whose Gaelic turns of phrase may sound suspect to some ears. The writing is humorous, dramatic, and tough, however, as well as musical and emotional.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LAUGHING FOX, by Frank Gruber. Silver-fox breeders are mixed up with a double murder. Johnny Fletcher and his friend, Sam Cragg, go detecting, and find out what no one else has been able to. On the whole, amusing.

MAYHEM IN B-FLAT, by Elliot Paul. Homer Evans helps the Paris police in another of Mr. Paul's tough stories. Enough action for the James boys in a France still full of French and without even a hint of a N-zi.

MAIGRET ABROAD, by Georges Simenon. Maigret is back again, in another of Simenon's masterpieces of crime. The two stories in this book, the first laid in Holland and the second in Belgium, show the French author writing, as always, as clear as a bell. Simenon is still the man to read even if you don't like murders.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, by R. A. J. Walling. Mr. Tolefree has read Schiller and proves it in this mystery, which is filled with book learning. The killing and chats take place in England and will appeal to readers who aren't looking for a rise in blood pressure.

THEY HUNTED A FOX, by Alice Campbell. Nice new method of murder, if you are looking for one in a hurry, in this mystery about England's upper classes. Told from the point of view of an American, so you won't need to look up "Yoicks."

•

LOS ANGELES, July 15 (AP).—A psychological method of curing stutterers, mainly by teaching them to imitate themselves, was reported today by Dr. Harry M. Case of the University of California.

The desire for a cure probably was a powerful factor, Dr. Case added. He said patients who diddid not return regularly for treatment were improved but not cured.—*The Post.*

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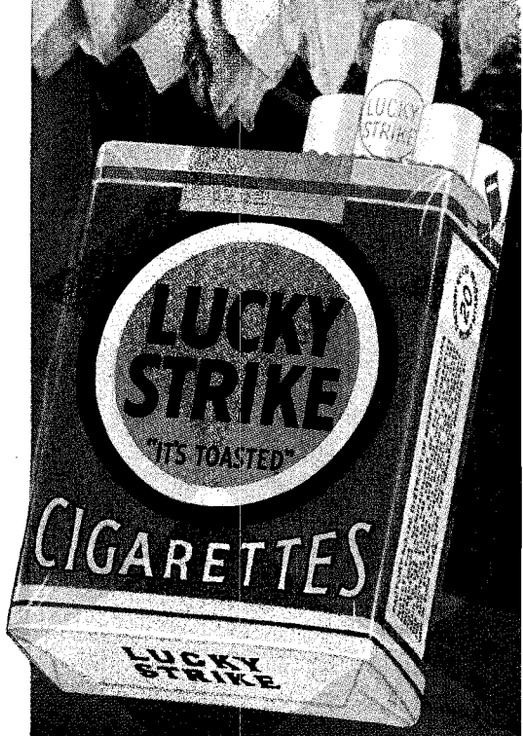

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